

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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The Short Story

THESE are after all only two main varieties of the short story, the printable and the unprintable. Writers of the first have always been jealous of tellers of the second because of the vast quantities of racy anecdote which has never been beaten up by the whip of art into sophisticated forms. It is not so much that they want to be indecent as that the printable stories have been worked over and stereotyped until it becomes increasingly difficult to be original. Furthermore, no sooner is a good short story printed than it is bagged for a collection, analyzed, classified, given a pedigree and an influence, and tossed to school children to make into rhetoric. Ever since Roman youth was educated by means of Greek fables, the short story has had the pedants hard after it.

At last it has occurred to a much daring woman to put together a collection of short stories for adults. Miss Frances Newman, in "The Short Story's Mutations," has assembled under this biological title a book which proves that the short story can glitter as well as sentimentalize and instruct, and she accompanies her selections, which run from the cynical Greek tale of the Matron of Ephesus to the equally cynical and somewhat naughtier "Nordic Night" of Paul Morand, with a running comment upon the short story and literature in general which is quite too clever to be entirely true, and yet, like most real cleverness, intensely true when true at all.

It is curious that while only German critics find it necessary to say just what a novel is before they discuss the novelists, no one can so much as look at a short story without propounding a definition. Miss Newman dumps all the old ones overboard, and finds that when a short story is more than just a story which happens to be short, there is usually a reversal of the underlying situation. Half of the stories she includes fit her definition rather better than any other, which is enough to make it useful. The truth is that the short story is just a brief tale with unity and a high degree of effectiveness, gained by any means whatsoever, but usually by such a reversal as Miss Newman describes or by suspense. The "short story form" of the text books, which is a prescription for delivering a wallop upon the sensibilities of the reader, is that one of a dozen possible methods which just now happens to be the most stereotyped and therefore the easiest to imitate. It has no more life than a galvanized frog, and Miss Newman is right in tilting her nose at it.

The real interest is not in how a short story is done, but in what it does. Most collections of short stories are, like anthologies of poetry, drawn from many periods, but, unlike poetry collections, they invariably contain prefaces which say, in effect, never mind the Elizabethans and the Romanticists and the Russians, they were only people; it is this important art form that you should watch functioning as it patters down the ages. Miss Newman is acutely aware of people, or at least of sophisticated people, and she solves the difficulty of covering many centuries in three hundred pages, like a good hostess, by including only those she likes. Her taste is for *polissonerie* which, she says, is as different from impropriety as Molière is from Congreve—an atrocious generalization, but you see what she means. She has taken what the French call the *conte*, a story often instinct with the *esprit gaulois*, which is to say satiric, wise, and neat—and then she has looked for *contes* in the world's literature.

The result is a refreshing assemblage which is just as madly exclusive as the older collections are tamely inclusive each of the others. Of the four

The Pride of the Young

By GAMES WOODLEY

I HAVE seen the young at play in their secret garden,
Where the tall white unicorns come, and the phoenix flies.
I have seen the scarlet mouth that was curled for singing
And the proud bright head, and the careless beautiful eyes.

I have seen the young at play in their endless spring-time
Where the nights of silver and days of gold unfurled
For the wondering eyes that are lovely with dreams unspoken,
I have seen the young, and O grief! I have seen the world.

I have seen how sharp winds wither, and dry years harden,
I have seen the scythe of death in the air a-swing;
I have watched the young at play in their secret garden,
And know the pride of the young is a pitiful thing.

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Next Week, and Later

Our Golden Age. By Clarence J. Hammond.

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writers in English, one is a modern American, one a modern Irishman, one an expatriate Englishman, and the fourth is Henry James. Chaucer, Sterne, Irving, Hawthorne, Kipling, Stevenson, Poe, Bret Harte all go overboard; alas most of them did not traffic in *polissonerie*! Humor, sentiment, romance, moral beauty, tragedy, adventure, mystery were their wares, and this editor will have none of such naiveté.

And thus ever, as in this very typical instance, the rebel and radical shatter our literary orthodoxies and make new orthodoxies of their own. But this clever book is a symptom of a disease that once every so often infects English literature. It may be called the French disease, for usually it comes from France, and it consists in a sudden discovery that they do things better elsewhere. The reputation of all of our great native authors has been clouded at one time or another by modish people who say to Fielding or Shakespeare or Tennyson, "The trouble with you is that you are so incorrigibly English. Why can't you be more French?" Miss Newman, however, is more than modish, she is provocative, and if that is not the whole duty of a critic, it is at least his complete justification.

The Sea in Literature

By F. V. MORLEY

RECENTLY a London paper contained a symposium about the sea. Twenty-four eminent people had been asked the question, "What does the sea mean to you?" and the editor granted each a hundred words with which to answer. Two answers of the twenty-four rang true.

It may seem strange that there were two real answers to the question, or strange that there were only two. Why should a man's eminence on land imply that the sea means anything to him? Does comprehension of crowd-psychology qualify men for talking of the sea? Euripides asks somewhere, "What have herdmen with the sea to do?" We have a reflection of that fine scorn in Captain Riesenbergs remark: "Everything at sea is so different, so damned unnatural to a landsman, that some of the most natural things to a sailor, are looked down upon by lawyers, editors, and the like, who have a genius for getting themselves into snug places of authority ashore." If we like this scorn, we come perilously close to the conviction that a landsman should write of the land, and a seaman of the sea. But the real division is different. It depends not upon profession, but upon imagination. The two true answers in the London symposium came from a scientist and an editor. And the more interesting was that of the editor, H. M. Tomlinson.

The man withdrawn from active life may protest that he knows nothing:

Ah my dear Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?

But when he does speak, he should be listened to; and when he does go forth into the realm of action, the lusty adventurer stands aside and marvels. Why, here is one to whom our life is of importance; to whom familiar things glow with a troublous fire! Here is one who through a means incomprehensible has gained sight enough to see the sea, feeling enough to feel it, sensibilities enough to sting him into strong words or bitter silence! There is no luke-warm affection when a real poet writes about the sea. No pretty sentiment, or devil-may-care daring, but an almost frightening intensity of feeling. Richard Jefferies—poet none the less in that his medium was an impassioned prose—tells how he prayed aloud in the roar of the waves, his inexpressible desire flooding him with the sea's might. Swinburne, with all the excesses of an uncontrollable excitement, tried to say and sing and act his passion for the sea's cold, buffeting embraces. Here were experiences where the physical stimulus of the sea overcame each heart, and led to that type of expression where the writer must write for his own relief. How does Jefferies begin? "There was a time when a weary restlessness came upon me, perhaps from too-continued labor." What is the strength of Swinburne's appeal to the sea-mew? "Ah, well were I forever, wouldst thou change lives with me." Wherein the power of Masefield's line, "I must go down to the seas again"? Are not such expressions, at their highest, cravings for Iphigenia's sea, that "doth wash away all ills of men"? And at their lowest, longings for a void in which to slip our burdens and responsibilities?

*TIDE MARKS. By H. M. TOMLINSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$4.00.

Sometimes one wonders if there is much more to find in the sea than this escape, this joy of unrest, this longing for release, relief, relaxation—a longing which ranges all the way from passion to sentiment. What faculties other than this desire relieve our wearisome impressions of the sea's dull, vacant, heaving spaces? Is the sea good to look at, as a mountain may be, or a valley? Does it gain a grace through change, as a view with shifting shadows, or a landscape from the train? Is it indeed a thing of beauty that you would look on till you die? Does your heart leap up when you behold it, that you smile unwittingly, and your eyes shine? Are its vague and vast suggestions symbols of some rare, familiar intent? We may compare with our instinctive answers a curious fact; that a literary nation and a sea-going nation like the British, has produced hardly any first-rate poetry about the sea until comparatively recent times.

For it is partly true, as Masfield says, that "until the end of the eighteenth century our poets hardly saw the beauty of the sea, though they felt its terror." Chaucer "dismissed the sea with a shudder." Spenser disliked it, for all his love of streams and fountains. And to Marlowe the sea was something to cross, something that appears only as an obstacle to the attainment of Tamburlaine's legacy. Indeed, in that marvellous summer-time of the imagination, the Elizabethan age, the sea's influence was devious and indirect. The Elizabethans were fervent, impatient, and far-sighted. Like the watcher in Bridges's noble poem, when they looked at a ship with white sails crowding, "leaning across the bosom of the urgent West," they said:

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air.

They took the ship, the sea, the voyage for granted; they quested like gulls in advance. They sped direct to new worlds, with small care for miseries and beauties by the way. And, in such days of overwhelming expectations, why should any poet waste his time upon that dull fellow, the sea? Why should the impeding waters, or the all-too-slow-moving ships, delay him?

Here, I feel, we pause a moment. The influence of the sea on the imagination is devious and indirect, but no less real for that; and when we seek tide marks in literature, it is not mention of the sea by name, but realization of its subtle implications, that we look for. How is an artist to express emotions caused by so diffuse and wide an object as the sea? It has no handles, that we may swing it to our purpose. But it has shores, from which we gaze or plunge as Jefferies did, and Swinburne; and it has further shores, beyond the thin, blue, bounding circle, which are the coasts, says Mr. Firestone,* of illusion. I do not wholly like his title; they are the coasts of the imagination. But his accounts, carefully garnered, widely chosen from old fable, show most clearly, and show that he sees most clearly, that the dragon, the fortunate islands, the lands of legend and enchantment, are in large part due to the incitements of the sea. That is to say, they are as symbols, in many cases direct implications, of the brooding that the sea breeds. They are effects of the sea, and point to the way the sea affects art.

Yet we are not concerned here with the artist's sea, so much as with the meaning of the sea to men who see it less abstractly. As the enormous drama of the Elizabethan voyages drew on to its inconclusive ending, men hardly saw the proof of the great boast with which the acting started—in Master Thorne's words, "There is no land uninhabitable, nor sea innavigable." In the moment of victory, illusions tell away, and men knew only failure. Why inhabit lands that are not golden, or sail seas that are unworthy? The end for which men had ransacked the world was nowhere visible. Instead the vastitude of sea, cold and drear, lasting and strong and merciless, welmed their conceptions as a waste full fathom five in depth, wherein were seen a thousand fearful wrecks, a thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon. Continuance of effort by sea, the long, long watches of the North Atlantic, three months winter, nine months fog, wore down men's hearts with weariness, wore down their souls with hatred. The Elizabethans sang little of the waves, since little recked they of them. The Pilgrims knew them differently, and shall we ask them for a song? How should they sing the sea's praises in a strange land,

*THE COASTS OF ILLUSION. By CLARK B. FIRESTONE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1914. This book will be reviewed later.

with their harps hanged on the willows? All that resignation compassed was a plaint of the far-off curfew sound over the wide-watered shore.

Almost alone in his age Shakespeare had seen the yellow sands and sported on them; and two centuries passed ere others showed that they outwatched the Bear. More plainly put, and less truly, as the terror and distaste for the sea dwindled by distance; as men retired to sedentary lives, aware, and yet removed from action, there grew again, as in a re-birth of wonder, the romantic spirit of the sea. The sea-nymphs quirk'd, and those who heard them, followed with rapt eyes as true and wondrous beauties as have been ever seen. The moving moon went up the sky, and underneath, in tracks of shining white, with flashes of golden fire, moved spectacles for wide-eyed Raleighs. The child dreamed once again with the bold mariner. And once again children, whose only fault was that they wished to act what they believed, began to seek the rollers round the Horn, where the great sea walks round the world; began to seek the deep clear blue of the Aegean, the Congo, and the Amazon, the coasts of Chile and of Coromandel. Many things has the Victorian age in common with the Elizabethan. It was an age of travelers, who did not always find, in exploration, what they sought for. But they found that when they came at last ashore, the outlandish places had resumed their glamour; that memory, with its active antiseptics, obliterated all but the splendid, eliminated most of the dross; and so made it worth while to have been a *voyageur*.

Again comes in an age of disappointment. We have given up Elizabethan dreams of fair ports and gracious havens; we have given up Victorian faith of the rightness of the world, of God in his heaven, and of our capabilities below. Yet the sea has taught us something, and we go to sea, as humble poets, for the vast, fugitive beauties that a mirror of the sea may show. All except the blessed Davies know that we have put away the child's sight, and see darkly. But our humility and our disillusion, though it restrict, will not utterly remove beauty from the face of the waters; and we realize that travel, though it be fruitless for the most of us, means more for a few imaginative men than change of scene. Returning from sea-travelling, adventurers become proud, boastful, garrulous, and restless; and poets become once more poets, in fortunate rehabilitation. One would wager, for example, that Conrad learned at sea to make his prose sea-kindly, and his ships navigable; but that his finest qualities were mercifully preserved by their native, earth-born warmth from the sea's cold breath. One would say that the sea meant for Conrad the rigorous training-ground of an imaginative landsman. But Tomlinson is an even rarer man. The sea is not his school, but his alma mater. The sea made him, fashioned and quickened him, tossed him to life. The world provides for Tomlinson the sorrows and the joys of an imaginative seaman. When on a black night the sea lifts massively at hidden stars; when on an evening of extraordinary splendor far away islands are crisp and lavender under the sunset's glow, and spice is on the breeze; when in the tropics flying-fish and dolphins make fun amid blue waves; such is the spirit of Tomlinson that he is in all these, and these in him. Pick up his books, and, if you want a landsman's sea or a landsman's land, you may be disappointed. His is the sea of the sea, his land the land a longing sailor would desire. Tomlinson is, as Riesenbergs would say, "so damned unnatural" to those who like the facts and fictions of life ashore. He has no love for facts. He knows too much. He has seen the stars, and lost them. There is no pretense about "Tide Marks." He deals with real tides, which leave real traces.

This man whom the sea made, to whom the sea gave vision, looks out from the office window of a gallant, dying newspaper. Because he has lost courage, does he go home to the sea? No. A man who has lost courage does not go home. A fact, an accident, sent Tomlinson to sea again, unmewed his wings. An accident of economics, of costs and expenditures. Even while he looked from the window, the newspaper was sold; a journalist was out in the snow; and there is sun in Java. But because a man goes, bewildered-like, to Java, must he go on in the living-death of broken faiths, or gain courage dramatically? No. This, to repeat, is a real book. There is no drama, no artistic device. Unlike Conrad with his ship—which is man's thing, not the sea's—or Melville with his whale—

which is the symbol of the sea—Tomlinson is neither cunning and subtle, nor tempestuous and angry about his tale. He is too honest, and too much in earnest. Less of a detached artist than these two, though with power and capability as great, he is throughout the book closer to us as a friend. We who read his pages know his voyage is of importance; and because his wide, ranging spirit fastens upon us, we know the voyage is important for us, not only for him. And what does happen to this reader of Amiel, whose hopes and fears include our own? He tastes the lotus; learns, through the evenings of Kelantan, that this earth can be a good place. Praise be for that! Java, Celebes, the Malayan jungles, the all-but-inaccessible islands of the Moluccas, do not fail! But more: there is a higher tide mark. It is confessed, quietly revealed to us, as the sea's secrets are quietly revealed. And what is said in the last chapter recalls Blake's "New Jerusalem," recalls de la Mare's "Englishman"; recalls another age, and indefinable associations, as all good prose does; but recalls most of all the feeling when Sir Ector came at last to Joyeuse Gard.

F. P. A.

SO MUCH VELVET. By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$2.

THIS is F. P. A.'s ninth volume—count them, nine! F. P. A. is one of the neatest versifiers now living and rhyming. He is a master of the monosyllabic ending and our favorite adapter of Horace and Propertius. We agree with what he avers in another connection, viz.: in "Insincere Yearnings,"

Yet though than Wilde less witty,
Less humorous than Hood,
I guess this is pretty
Good.

It is pretty good, at time it scintillates, at all times is lightly and engagingly human. "In Other Words" taking it "By and Large," without too great recourse to "Weights and Measures," surely superfluous "Among Us Mortals," F. P. A.'s Flexible Flyer "Tobogganing on Parnassus" is not yet "Overset," but finds the route "So Much Velvet"—but for us to play upon his titles really amusingly would certainly be "Something Else Again"—"So There!"

Stalling, are we? We're not stalling. Simply, there is nothing in the technique of the new performance that we can criticize. If you go to see Babe Ruth at the bat you expect a home run. If you've seen him often and a neighbor rises with contorted countenance and a wild war-whoop at his success, you are apt to turn upon your neighbor's enthusiasm a wan smile and nod merely mild assent. "Over the fence? Uh-huh." It isn't that you're not interested, but the superlative was expected, and is accustomed. F. P. A. makes circuit wallows in his own line, not every crack out of the box, but he flourishes a wickedly clever stanza. He is adept at stringing you along for three verses and letting the wide guesses pass. Then he clouts you one to the barrier.

That's the reason we can't criticize the execution of "So Much Velvet." As the little boy said, "Hell, it's perfect!"—within its own boundaries. The question is, are you going to stick to what you can always accomplish successfully or are you going to take a stab at things you may not be able to bring off, even after much effort? Frank Adams has answered the question to his own satisfaction in his own case. Each of his books is an answer.

To any friend of Frank Adams and reader of "The Conning Tower" it is apparent that this light versifier's aesthetic interests and appreciation of poetry spread beyond the bounds he has set for his own verse. But the charm of the man sparkles in his verse. It consists of a salty sincerity. His column is a shaft strung against the great god Buncombe, his target the inanity of many popular beliefs. And sometimes he will give up his whole column to a darn good poem by somebody else.

Three prose pieces, "Shall She Invite Him?" "Knowledge is Power" and "Tact in Entertaining," in this book, make us wish F. P. A. would take to prose more often. But then we go back and read his answer to Douglas Malloch in his same volume, or his idea of how Swinburne would have put "Yes, we have no Bananas"—and if the prose were to cut into the verse much—let's have more of the verse. But why not have more of both?

Theatrical Annals

FRANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF.
Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THERE are few names better known in the theatrical world of New York, or possibly of the United States, than that of Francis Wilson. It will long be remembered as that of one of the most active, capable, and courageous leaders of his fellow actors in the revolt against the gross abuses of a managerial monopoly which was involving the profession in progressive degradation and threatened to be absolutely destructive of it. He contributed largely to a triumph resulting in great present material benefits to the rebels, accompanied by a sacrifice of which the ultimate consequences cannot now be calculated. Of that more anon.

Wilson played so important a part in what may be called the domestic history of the contemporary American stage that he deserved a biographical record, and it is well that he has written it himself, for no one else could have been likely to furnish one fuller or more accurate in detail or one more completely revelatory of a character, kindly, ingratiating, humorous, aspiring, indefatigable, and not unjustifiably, egotistical. It will not be necessary to dwell upon particulars, which if interesting in relation—for he writes well—are not in themselves important. He is a self-made and self-educated man, two facts that entitle him to the utmost respect and credit. Plainly he owes much to the influence of a fine and devoted mother and nothing in the whole book does him more honor than the tribute he pays to her memory. Reared, in straightened circumstances, in a Quaker household, in Philadelphia, he attributes his boyish pranks and his childish longing after forbidden stage shows to the restrictive tenets of that religious persuasion. Soon, in his early teens, he is doing occasional black cork "stunts," as a boy prodigy in a tenth rate music hall. Presently he is one of a song and dance team, Mackin and Wilson. Next he is a fragment of a travelling circus in a canal boat. After eight years of desperate shifts—still ever with the drama in view—he secures an engagement as utility man in the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, an immense stride upward, although by that time he and Mackin could command a salary of \$150 a week.

Now he was fairly launched. While playing innumerable minor parts in plays of all description, he studied fencing with the then famous Col. Monsterey, and singing, in which he never made much progress. And, in travelling, he took every opportunity of watching the work of the most popular players of the day. And so it came to pass that he was engaged for a leading part in "Our Goblins," a musical comedy by Gill, and won a success in New York, which practically, though against his own inclination, determined the main course of his future career. It was during the phenomenal success of "Erminie," a musical extravaganza founded on the tale of "Robert Macain," that he established himself as one of the most popular low comedians of the day and he has an interesting story to tell about his relations with Rudolph Aaronson and others. Finally, after long identification with the Casino, he was able to start out, as his own manager, with "The Oolah" and thenceforward his record is one of constant activity and almost continuous prosperity. Into details it is not essential, even did space permit, to go. Always a thorn in the side of the purely speculative and commercial manager, he was a spirited defender of his own rights and those of his associate performers, and contributed largely to the foundation and final victory of the Equity Association of which he became the head.

The most notable chapters in his book are those containing his account of the formation and proceedings of the Syndicates, the Actors' strike, and the ultimate settlement. Most of the matter, of course, is now ancient history, but is here put in concise form and one that may be taken as authoritative. He is not altogether a disinterested observer and it is possible sometimes to differ from his point of view, but he states his case well and, in most respects, undoubtedly it is an uncommonly strong one. Without entering into the question of the effect of the Syndicates' policies upon the drama as an artistic institution—an effect which was wholly and, perhaps, irretrievably mischievous—there can be no manner of doubt that the treatment by the oligarchy of the profession of which it had captured the control was

ignorant, unjust, and tyrannical in the extreme. No sooner had the new dictators secured all the principal theatres of the country than they began to subject the actors who depended upon them for a livelihood to all kinds of exactions and impositions. The nature of these grievances has been explained over and over again. It is sufficient now to say that, in the course of years, the condition of the great majority of players grew more and more severe and intolerable. No one will deny that there was ample cause and justification for revolt. The marvel was that it did not happen long before; that in the early days of the syndicate, there was not in the acting body wit enough to comprehend the threatened danger, or to organize to avert it. Then was the time to prevent the leadership of a professedly artistic and powerful body from falling under the direction of a handful of men to whom artistry was piffle.

Mr. Wilson, easily, makes it perfectly clear that the revolt, or actors' strike, was justifiable and sooner or later, inevitable. To him unquestionably much of the credit is due for a large measure of such success as attended it. Many obvious wrongs, under which the players labored, were righted and their relations to their employers were established upon a much more equitable footing. The material benefits secured are considerable. But all his arguments will fail to convince many good friends of the theatre of the wisdom, necessity, or propriety of some of the means adopted to secure the desired end. There is something repugnant to the whole spirit of friendly competitive artistry in the notion of the "closed shop." Fortunately the struggle over this ended in a com-



From "The Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and His Friends."

By SIR JAMES WHITE (Harpers)

promise which leaves the actual situation pretty much what it was before. But the proposal was unworthy. Still more regrettable, for more reasons than one, was the affiliation of the Actors' Association with the ranks of organized labor. That involves a distinct loss of artistic dignity and may yet have deplorable consequences. The actors were, or ought to have been, strong enough to fight out their battle alone.

It is only possible here to refer briefly to other interesting features of Mr. Wilson's bulky and gossiping book. They make pleasant reading, although they do not contain much matter that is either new or pregnant. He talks vivaciously, and appreciatively, of Eugene Field, Walt Whitman, Joseph Jefferson, and Edwin Booth and distributes a good many bouquets among his professional brethren. And he has collected a large number of theatrical anecdotes, not all of transcendent value. Of his own later experiments in the regular drama he speaks with great gusto. He was an excellent low comedian, but scarcely a first-rate actor, although his stage knowledge enables him to give admirable advice in his word to beginners. To them he reveals the secret of success in his own life story of which, as has been hinted before, he is evidently and justifiably proud.

The Pick-and-Shovel Poet

SON OF ITALY. By PASCAL D'ANGELO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

CARL VAN DOREN'S introduction to Mr. D'Angelo's brief but trenchant autobiography is really the perfect word upon this poet. Mr. D'Angelo's history has peculiar glamour, it is one of those purple passages in the history of the poetic art that must always appeal particularly to any who delve in the ever-accumulating litter laid before the altar of the muses for a gleam of true gold. D'Angelo emerged into notice, not to say into notoriety, after enduring almost incredible physical hardship. He staked everything he had on making himself a poet, and won. Out of the ranks of ordinary Italian laborers he fought his way to the attention of critics and editors, single-handed, through many defeats.

Pascal D'Angelo is not a great poet, but he is a poet who has a natural instinct for striking metaphorical expression and uses the English he forced himself to master with refreshing turns of phrase. The range of his expression is somewhat restricted but the presentation of his moods possesses vivid intensity. He attempts the heights. After an acquaintance of several years I can testify that this poet has impressed me by his modest but tenacious sincerity. The poems that he used to bring into the office of *The New York Evening Post* he placed before me for criticism and suggestion. And he would take criticism; but where he felt instinctively that the word or the phrase under discussion was right, he would stand smilingly to his guns.

The Pascal D'Angelo I know is not the D'Angelo who wrote that moving and yet extraordinarily naive letter to the *Nation* which he reproduces at the end of his autobiography. The Pascal D'Angelo I know had, even when his coat was ragged and his food had lately been little more than a stale crust, a certain air almost of jollity, a smiling friendliness, without any trace of bitterness, that woke one's wonder. He would venture the statement of particular hardships we sleeker ones avoid as one might mention that a train had been missed or that one had had a toothache. He seemed to accept these things half humorously as part of the inevitable lot and to shrug them off for more vital conversation about his poems. It was the astonishing discovery that he possessed not only the desire to express but a real gift of expression that kept a fire glowing within him no matter how cold his body was and furnished him with an inner enjoyment that all outward disaster could not dim with despair. And he possessed the confidence of the true poet born. He had a strong inner consciousness of the worth of the work he was doing.

It is perfectly characteristic that he should have answered as he did the vendor from whom he bought rotten bananas at twenty-five for a nickel because he possessed but a few cents in the world. The vendor inquired, "Are you buyin' this bananas for your dog?"

"No," D'Angelo replied promptly, with rich irony, "for my wolf."

It is almost incredible that he should have been able to keep alive when he temporarily renounced pick-and-shovelling for that most arduous of all pursuits, the pursuit of the perfect word in poetry. Only a constitution hardened by the severe manual labor that has always been his lot, only a temperament inured to the most primitive conditions of living, could have managed it. Stale bread and cold soup through the winter—but the poet had faith in the future; he ate of his dreams and was thankful.

I am heartily glad of the recognition that has come to D'Angelo's poetry. His autobiography gives us veracious pictures of work in pick-and-shovel gangs, but more absorbing still, to me at least, are D'Angelo's descriptions of his childhood in the uplands of Abruzzi, and the peak of his narration seems to me the meeting on the mountain with the hunted witch who is transformed thereat, before our eyes, into a most pitiful figure of tragedy. The incident is perfectly presented, the early poetic intuition of this son of Italy strongly attested.

D'Angelo left the mountains, left the prospect of clean open sky and the city of the Eagle for a laborious life at the hardest kind of physical work in a faraway country. He sets before us the principal lights and shadows of that life. His is a healthy optimism, on the whole, despite moments of natural

amazement and anger. It was through his joking, after hardship, he says himself, that his "life took an upward turn."

Today Pascal D'Angelo's reputation as a poet is established, but he remains a pick-and-shovel man also. It is the work he can do. He has the deep satisfaction of knowing his way about in two worlds. He has an ever-accreting fund of unusual experience upon which to draw for his poems. The record of how he wrested his victory from untoward circumstances is a heartening document. This poet had hardihood.

Muscular Poetry

CHILLS AND FEVER. By JOHN CROWE RANSOM. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT GRAVES

IT should first be frankly admitted that I have certain definite interests in Ransom's work: these are neither financial nor personal—I have never even met him—but some three years ago a copy of his first book, "Poems About God," strayed to Oxford in the pocket of a Southern Rhodes scholar and impressed me so strongly that I could not rest until I had, with Ransom's approval, edited a selection from both "Poems About God" and the present volume and arranged that it got proper recognition in the English press. A disinterested interest in one sense; but I have backed my judgment heavily and could not if I wished, retreat from my first estimate of his poetic importance. You know better than I whether I have been bold; how truly or not, that Ransom's home town, Nashville, Tennessee, is a byword in the States for comic provincialism: as here in England one need only say "Wigan" and the gallery of any variety theatre will rock with sophisticated mirth. If this is only a quarter true it would account for the occasional obscurantist quality in Ransom's work, his choice of ink-horn and feudal imagery, and his attachment to the classics which over here unless perhaps in Wigan, Glasgow, or the Potteries, would be regarded as unnatural, even vicious. It is not an annoying obscurantism, not an attempt to overwhelm the reader's judgment, but rather a survival of an earlier romantic period—like Tennyson's cloak which he first assumed in his student days out of sympathy with the Spanish refugees at Cambridge and never afterwards discarded; because it suited him.

Accused, has humorously admitted this early period, how as a boy:

Equipped with Grecian thoughts how could I live
Among my father's folk? My father's house
Was narrow and his fields were nauseous.
I kicked his clods for being common dirt.
Worthy a world which never could be Greek;
Cursed the paternity that planted me
One green leaf in a wilderness of autumn;
And wept, as fitting such a fruitful spirit
Sealed in a yellow tomb.

That comes into "Poems About God" but in "Chills and Fevers" he records his later disappointment with antique fable and romance: how when he had at last achieved his ambition and met the old world face to face as a scholar at Oxford University, he lost no time in going out to Bagley Wood to hear the nightingale, but, alas, "her classics registered a little flat." He did not blame the nightingale, as lesser men have done on such occasions. He confessed himself unable to abandon himself to her spell because of the self-conscious ironic habit with which his provincial sensitiveness had long armed him. Ransom has two more similar admissions to make, the first that he no longer dares let himself go on any emotional debauch; the second, that he could not if he would. As he says in "*Agitato non troppo*,"

I will be brief
Assuredly I have a grief
And I am shaken: but not as a leaf.

These admissions having been made to cover the slighter poems, he produces three or four at least of which the nightingale would be proud to accept the dedication; while the rude provincial could hardly fail to recognize as great poetry; and which might one day stir even Boston. There is "Winter Remembered" beginning:

Two evils monstrous either one apart
Possessed me and were long and loath at going:
A cry of Absence, Absence, in the heart,
And in the wood the furious winter blowing.
Think not when fire was bright upon my bricks
And past the tight boards hardly a wind could enter
I glowed like them, the simple burning sticks
Far from my home, my proper heat and centre.

A poem of love only to be compared with one another in Modern American Poetry—and I do not speak ignorantly,

Do they not hear the burst of bells
Pealing at every step you take?
Are not their eyelids winking, too,
Feeling your sudden brightness break?
O too much glory shut with us,
O walls too narrow and opaque!
O come into the night with me
And let me speak for Jesus' sake,

by Ransom, too; but in the earlier book. A new piece, "Adventure This Side of Pluralism" flares up in the same sort of lyrics, though the argument here is philosophical and not personal.

... The fir-tree quivering in her vase
And the hop-toad in his kettle,
And a lady's lovely face
And the tight-suited beetle.

Out of joy they took their form
Joyous they came forth and sped,
Both the able-bellied worm
And immaculate biped.

They were patterned prettily
And of love: and even so
Their young mouths cried terribly
"Ego, Ego, Ego."

The content of "Chills and Fevers" unlike that of many modern poetry books, cannot be summarized in a few sentences. The subjects range widely from AntiChrist to Rapunzel, from Nicodemus to a beautiful bantering description of a Southern mansion in decay; but the wonder is that however various the subject and treatment, the poem shouts out its authorship from seven miles away. I suppose that if I were set to fill in a literary passport to send Ransom to Parnassus, I should include in a summary of his Ransomness first, a humorous turn of speech, including a sweetening scepticism; second, a muscular quality of both metre and thought, and third, the periodic detonation of most unlikely and effective phrases. And had I to choose a single stanza to affix to the same passport in the place where the photograph usually goes, the following might serve well enough:

But friends! acquit me of that stain of pride,
Such has been spoken solemnly together
And you have heard my heart, so answer whether
I am so proud a god and goddess beside.

There is a curious group of later poems in this book having what young highbrows briefly but not illuminatingly call the "abstract quality". Their fathers and uncles call it "wilful absurdity," "Grandgousier," "Boris of Britain," "Captain Carpenter," "On the Road to Wockensutter," are all written in regular forms and grammatical enough, but this perhaps make them more difficult both for the young highbrow who would like them all chopped up small and well scattered on the page, and for his seniors who would like an obvious meaning to each fantasia. Written in the manner of a fantastic dream, they have no meaning to which immediate logical reference can be made: yet their powerful persistence in the memory suggests that they have a meaning all right but one which the mind has grasped by other than logical routes of thought.

An American Tragedy

THE GLORY HOLE. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

Author of "The Crooked Mile"

A SUBTITLE to Mr. White's first essay in contemporary realism might well be: An American Tragedy. Few will question that the tragedy is real; certainly it is autochthonous. And it consists in the demonstration that the American stream cannot rise beyond its source—that when wealth and power and culture have ripened these good midwesterners, and when death has stung them to self-knowledge, they can get no nearer reality than a spontaneous New Thought compounded of Lydia Pinkham and Dr. Frank Crane.

Mr. White, after thirty books, striding in from Africa and the Yukon, and from romances of the dim frontier, sits down to investigate the smaller people of the contemporary scene. The result is an acute and poignant novel.

In Little Falls Fred Kirby manufactures stoves, and Minnie, his wife, has recently staggered the smart set by converting her attic into a ball room. And now a myth comes back to Little Falls, made man. Uncle Zeke, who ran away from home, suddenly appears to look over his family and determine whether they are worthy to be his heirs. Uncle Zeke has lived fifty years abroad; he is a connoisseur, a dilettante, all impressive things; he has been fumed and polished by ancient cultures. For the first time Minnie suspects that her attic ball room, for all its crepe paper, may not be the end of elegance. With that suspicion, she realizes that the child she is about to bear is dedicate.

For ten years, while Fred makes stoves, Uncle Zeke and Minnie labor over Zozo, the child. Governesses, *bonnes*, and tutors, weekly interviews with Uncle Zeke only bewilder Zozo, only drive him into the paralysis of an "egg-shaped ego," awkward and helpless and condemned. Minnie lives for one end, and that a fore-destined failure. Then, while he is still in doubt about Zozo, Uncle Zeke dies with his will unsigned, and Fred, as the next of kin, inherits the Twelve Million. Fred, who has expected another twenty years to pass before he might give orders to Banker Pine, may now dominate him and all the other great men of Little Falls. And Minnie may build an Estate.

What follows is tragedy, at once robust and profound. Few tears, I fancy, have been shed over the tragedy of Carol Kennicott; one does not lament the futility of the art pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And the tragedies that the characters of Sherwood Anderson enact are glacial, because they are removed to a domain where no man has a conscious life. Mr. White is not competing with Winesburg or Gopher Prairie. His people are more nearly the tissue of America, and he realistically records the progress of their frustration. Fred, forced away from the only spiritual life he could understand, as a manufacturer of stoves, becomes a shepherd of pyramiding dividends and grows increasingly weary, increasingly bewildered. Minnie can only build a manor, exhibit it to Little Falls, and play inquisitively with what she conceives to be art—with china kilns and advanced theatricals. Neither of them can come near reality, neither can touch the springs of beauty or of strength. And Zozo, inarticulate, goes dazedly to his death by means of the only reality he has touched, his automobile. All three, with the metaphysical power of wealth at their disposal, achieve a common futility.

It is this firm sense of frustration, of foredoomed pettiness, that makes "The Glory Hole" a better book than a dozen others that have dealt with its theme. Cabined as it is among the mediocre and the contemporary, this seems a strange book for Mr. White to be writing. But he has brought humor and subtlety to his new theme. The *genre*, which includes "Babbitt" and "Gold Shod," holds no novel better done. "The Glory Hole" is informed with a sense of human lives—lives not quite tawdry, infinitely warm and eager, caught in currents they were not designed to withstand and swept on to bewilderment and loss. Its authenticity, its restrained tragedy will give it more than a seasonal career.

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The Life of Lord Rayleigh

THE LIFE OF LORD RAYLEIGH. By ROBERT JOHN STRUTT, Fourth Baron Rayleigh. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1924. \$8 net.

Reviewed by SIR OLIVER LODGE

JOHN WILLIAM STRUTT, third Baron Rayleigh, was one of the greatest of English men of science. His magnitude was never fully understood by the general public, but it was appreciated by his *confrères*. He was a great mathematical physicist, and combined with a singular facility for mathematical reasoning an admirable experimental skill. His experiments were made with comparatively simple materials: the apparatus was usually home-made, constructed in his own workshop; but his profound knowledge of the conditions enabled him to concentrate on the essential features and to leave the unessentials and accessories in a simple and unshowy condition. He was very little dependent on instrument-makers. Very precise and instructive experiments were made with appliances specially adapted to their purpose, and subsequently dismantled and used for other researches.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the great mathematicians were not experimentalists. That mistake is sometimes made about Sir Isaac Newton and Sir George Stokes. The power of their mathematical reasoning tends to overshadow their experimental skill. But the skill was there: the experiments were beautifully designed for their exact purpose, and the results were clearly and definitely described. So it was also with Lord Rayleigh: and he left behind six large volumes of his Collected Papers, a storehouse of information for subsequent workers. The characteristic of experimental work of this kind is its extreme accuracy and definiteness: there was very little groping about it. The problem was clearly understood, the difficulties were appreciated; and when unexpected phenomena occurred, they were hunted down with clear-sighted skill and pertinacity.

Among the outstanding examples of this kind of accuracy was his determination of the electrical units, which are now adopted by electrical engineers all over the world: and Rayleigh's results have been only confirmed and established by the measurements of subsequent workers. The absolute determination of the ohm and the ampere, to many significant figures, is by no means an easy task. The first determination of the ohm by Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin was in error by nearly 2 per cent., a fact which shows how difficult the determination was. But when subsequently determined by Rayleigh, this error was detected, its cause ascertained; and the resulting determination leaves nothing to be desired. The present extreme accuracy of electrical measurements can be traced mainly to his work, the accuracy of which has been fully confirmed by more elaborate apparatus in the National Physical Laboratory of England.

Again, in chemistry, his determination of the atomic weights of hydrogen and of nitrogen are models of precise weighing. The difficulties of weighing a gas to five or six places of decimals are very great, and only those who have been engaged in similar work can fully appreciate them. The result of his determination of the atomic weight of nitrogen had a dramatic sequel. He weighed nitrogen from various sources, and found that the nitrogen of the air was slightly heavier than that which was chemically prepared. So gradually he came to the conclusion that while chemically prepared nitrogen was pure, the so called nitrogen of the air was impure, that is to say that it contained an unknown and previously unsuspected gas. What had been called the nitrogen of the air was really the inert constituent of the air, the residue after removing the oxygen, carbonic acid, and moisture, which formed the other known constituents; and by burning out from the inert part of the air all that was really nitrogen (by a tedious electrical process devised by the great experimental philosopher of the eighteenth century, Cavendish) a small quantity of heavier residue was obtained, which was evidently a new gas.

At that stage he was joined by the highly skilled experimental chemist, Sir William Ramsay: and in their separate laboratories they worked out the properties of the new gas, which they ultimately called *argon*, because of its inert character. It is decidedly more inert than nitrogen; for nitrogen is well known to be able to enter into combination with many

things; while argon combines with nothing: it is a self-sufficient compact molecule of the greatest chemical interest and importance. Its discovery paved the way to the discovery by Ramsay of a whole series of similar unknown bodies, which formed an entirely new series in the Mendeléef classification; a series with zero properties, neither positive nor negative, such as formed a nucleus or starting-point for each Mendeléef octave; the lowest and latest of the series being helion (as it ought now to be called), the others being neon, krypton, xenon, and niton or radium emanation. Hence the discovery of argon was more than the finding of a new element, more even than the finding of a new and unsuspected element in the atmosphere. No one had previously imagined that the air we breathed, which had been analyzed again and again, contained an unknown ingredient, in quantities far from infinitesimal. A lecture hall, for instance, contains several hundredweight of argon; though the proportion of it in any cubic foot is very small.

But that a discovery of this magnitude should result from a laborious series of weighings of atmospheric nitrogen, extending over some years, is a dramatic circumstance, and illustrates the importance of carrying out measurements with extreme and laborious accuracy. It hardly seems possible that the discovery could have been made in any other way; since the gas has no chemical properties, and at first hardly appealed to chemists, because of its inert and apparently unchemical character. The discovery was, in fact, received with some scepticism, although really there was no shadow of doubt about it. And the gas is actually used now for filling the half-watt lamps which constitute an economical source of light, and are articles of commerce; while the subsequent and contingent discoveries of helion and neon have their own well-known uses; helion for filling with safety dirigible balloons; and neon for use in luminous vacuum tubes, such as are often employed for showy illumination and advertisement.

The discovery of argon is therefore a sort of climax and reward vouchsafed to skilful and accurate experimenting, and may be regarded as the coping-stone to Lord Rayleigh's work, the kind of result most easily apprehended by the public. But to scientific men the importance of Lord Rayleigh's work was far greater than this. He roamed over the whole field of physics, taking up obscure and but little understood phenomena; he worked them out and reduced them to intelligible form; and left the sciences of optics and of acoustics and of electricity in a much more advanced and perfect stage than they would be likely as yet to have attained had he not lived.

In the "Life" which has now been written by his son, the present peer, a quiet, restrained, but effective, account of these researches is given. It was not possible to enter on an exposition of the more recondite lines of investigation; but such parts as could be made intelligible are dealt with in a clear and satisfactory manner. And though filial restraint prevents anything in the nature of over-emphasis, leads indeed to a certain amount of under-emphasis, a reader can hardly fail to allow for this, and to be impressed both with the magnitude and with the modesty of the great man whose life and work is being described.

One special feature which characterized Lord Rayleigh's work is caution. He was very chary of expressing an opinion. He mistrusted his own results, until they were thoroughly confirmed. He hesitated to criticize adversely the work of others. He was appreciative of all good work; and the suggestions that he made to others often led to important developments, and stimulated them to investigations which otherwise they might have refrained from undertaking. Even so great an experimenter as Professor Michelson will admit that he received stimulus from Rayleigh's encouraging hints and suggestions.

The outward circumstances of his life are simple enough. He had a distinguished career at Cambridge, graduating as Senior Wrangler. He then worked for some years as an amateur, but was persuaded to occupy the Chair of Physics at Cambridge, vacated by the lamentable and premature death of Clerk Maxwell at the age of forty-nine; ultimately resigning it with enhanced lustre to Professor J. J. Thomson. He also took charge of the Laboratory at the Royal Institution, which had been Faraday's and Tyndall's; and by holding these offices, obtained facilities for experimental work on a larger

scale than was possible in the amateur laboratory in which he worked with one skilled mechanic at his home at Terling Place in Essex; a home well known to most of the distinguished physicists who visited England from other countries. Here also Lord Kelvin was a frequent visitor; and we younger men were sometimes privileged to hear momentous and often amusing discussions between Kelvin and Rayleigh; a conflict of enthusiasm on the one hand and caution on the other, which could not fail to be of absorbing and exciting interest to those whose previous studies enabled them to follow the arguments.

In spite of his profound knowledge, Rayleigh was no specialist. He looked at life largely and with a sense of humor. His caution did not prevent his entering on unpopular fields of work. He took a real interest in psychical research, for instance, and had himself observed many curious and inexplicable phenomena. One of the last positions that he held was the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research; at which he gave a memorable, though, as usual, cautious and humorous address. He refrained from coming to definite conclusions; but neither his scientific nor his deep religious sense deterred him from realizing that these things demanded investigation; and his instinct taught him that they would probably have far-reaching consequence when properly understood. The subject, however, was at a stage which did not admit of the precision of the physical sciences, and therefore attracted less than his whole interest. Indeed, even in the physical sciences he was very doubtful about some of the most recent developments. He was a powerful wielder of the classical dynamics, and may perhaps be regarded as the last of the great generation of physicists of whom England and Cambridge have been so proud, and who were satisfied with the Newtonian outlook on the universe.

Architecture and Life

STICKS AND STONES. By LEWIS MUMFORD. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II.

THIS book somehow manages to cover in two hundred and fifty small pages two enormous subjects: the history of American architecture and a history of American civilization: it is of course impossible to expect in so brief a work a history in detail of either, but the writer has made his book much more than a summary of outstanding facts. He has really covered his subject in an illuminating and exact exposition of what we have achieved or failed to achieve both in architecture and in life during the three hundred years that have elapsed since the settlement of this country.

It is a truly remarkable book, primarily because Mr. Mumford has had the wit to see that the architecture of a people may afford the truest index to the character of its civilization and that through its building may be traced more clearly than in any other way its progress. Our histories and our teaching of history have very rarely treated the life of any nation as a whole, but have regarded the various phases of the efforts of that nation separately, so that we have excellent histories of literature, or of art, or of architecture, or of politics, or economic histories, but each concerns itself so closely with the subdivision which it treats, that the relation of this subdivision to the progress of civilization is hardly apparent. One only begins to realize what history is all about after one has read of all these subjects and by careful comparison of the dates has discovered, for example, that Shakespeare lived in Elizabeth's time; that the Protestant religion began to influence the civilization of England in the same period; that the portrait painting of England was then under the influence of Holbein and that during the reign of Elizabeth, Gothic architecture expired and the Classic of the Renaissance began. Analytic histories of this character may be interesting in themselves but they rarely give to the reader a view of life in the solid; they are as if the architect's drawing of one façade were offered as a description of an entire building. Mr. Mumford has been the first writer on architecture, so far as I know, to describe the progress of building construction as an inevitable expression of the concurrent type of civilization; and further, he has seen building in America in its true proportion, not as the work of a few outstanding architects but as the result of the mass of building of the whole people. We archi-

fects are too apt in thinking of the work of today to consider the few country houses which we admire, and forget the thousand upon thousand of ugly and flimsy structures (it hardly seems proper to dignify them by the name of houses) in which most of our population lives. But the appearance of our country is dependent not upon a few and often secluded beautiful buildings, but upon the average of all the structures for all activities.

Another extraordinary feature of this book is that while it describes the history of architecture from Colonial times to the present day so lucidly and so clearly that every reader can appraise for himself the value of the work done in any period there is not a picture within its covers; and when occasionally Mr. Mumford in order to make a point more clear, refers to some actual building, it is invariably one so well known that no picture is needed, with the exception perhaps of one or two allusions to work of the Colonial period for which the reader can, if he chooses, substitute any familiar Colonial building of the same class without affecting the point made. Moreover, we find nowhere any trace of technical phraseology either in his description of architecture or in his description of the civilization which influences it: it is easy for the economist to understand his criticisms of architecture. An architect myself, I am unable to say how exact are his statements as to the progress of civilization, but I am sufficiently well acquainted with the history of my own profession to know that his statements of architectural facts are *facts*, and the conclusions which he draws from these facts are rarely at fault. I have no knowledge of Mr. Mumford's preparation, but from the internal evidence of his book I am reasonably certain he is not a practicing architect and that he knows more about architecture than most men who do practice. No practicing architect could possibly write the truths that Mr. Mumford has written about our efforts without subconsciously endeavoring to excuse our faults. We know all too well that our failures have been many and our successes limited within very narrow bounds: we also know how terribly we are limited by factors over which we have no control, factors of cost, or site, or the whim of our clients. Mr. Mumford, writing from the outside neither condemns the architect for faults which are clearly faults of our civilization and not of the architect, nor praises work which because of purely technical considerations would inevitably be praised by the architect although it is extraneous to our civilization. His manner is as satisfactory as his matter; he has the gift of finding the flavorful phrase with which to sharpen his points.

The history begins with a chapter on "The Mediaeval Tradition," a description of the structure of American life shortly after the founding of the Colonies and the resultant architecture clearly derived from Mediaeval rather than Renaissance sources, and completely expressive of the life of the time. The succeeding chapter, "The Heritage of the Renaissance," is a simple and lucid history of the causes which made what we now call "Colonial" work a just appreciation of its merits.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century came a great break-up of public taste which apparently extended to every visual art,—music and literature alone in the nineteenth century were greatly worth while—and although the picture of this period presented by Mr. Mumford does give a tremendous impression of the gigantic and powerful chaos which attended the rise of the factory system and the introduction of the machine, it is to me somewhat less satisfactory than other portions of the book because in his bitter and justified criticism of the art of that time, Mr. Mumford appears to have failed to take into account that revolutions are destructive and that this revolution was the greatest the world has ever known, even if its weapons were dynamites instead of cannon and its armies were uniformed in denim instead of khaki. Nor has Mr. Mumford discovered an adequate explanation for the breakdown of design during this period (although I believe that such an explanation exists), but attributes it largely to the change from handicraft to the machine. He speaks not once but many times of the reduction of the status of the mechanic to that of a "servile copyist" "bound to follow the architect's design, as the printer is supposed to follow the author's words. It is no wonder that they behave like the poor drudge in the Chicago Exposition who left bare or half ornamented the columns which the architect had not bothered to

duplicate in full in the haste of finishing his drawing."

It is true that the architect today controls more fully all portions of the building than has ever before been the case, but it is a mistake to believe that this is due to the machine or true only of our present civilization. Is it conceivable that Phidias personally cut the columns of the Parthenon at Athens? This was as impossible as it was for Phidias to leave to the taste of the handworker the proportion of the particular column on which he was engaged and the workman who executed the designs of Phidias was not less servile than the stone cutter of today. The Parthenon is not less beautiful because there is an endless duplication of ornament below the cornice, cut by many "poor drudges" in exact accordance with the scheme of the designer, and I cannot agree with Mr. Mumford's apparent belief that the mechanic today has lost his pride of work. In my own practice I find about the same proportion of mechanics who are trying to do their work honestly as could have existed in the Middle Ages, and I know that the modeler of ornamental plaster work, the carver of stone, or the mechanic who chases the ornament on metal work is often as interested in what he is doing and as able to give it his personal quality as mechanics ever were anywhere. Nor do I believe that good design or good execution went out with the guild system. We have here in New York today mechanics who are skilled beyond those of any previous generation, both in the technical processes which they employ and in the feeling for line and surface without which these processes would be useless. Had Benvenuto had the staff that work for certain of our architects, he would have thought himself transported into some enchanted region.

No thinking man but will agree with Mr. Mumford, that the civilization of today is far from a standard it might easily reach, and that the art of building is torn and twisted and debased between the dilettante architect and the greedy speculator, but, perhaps because he is not an architect, he fails to note that there is a saving haven of men in my profession who are honestly trying to see the truth and stand foursquare with it. We may be dull, uncomprehending, incapable of high design, but within the bounds set by our own capacities we are building what we believe to be true expressions of the life of our time, and not clumsy and pedantic attempts to transpose antique motives to modern uses. The Shelton hotel (which Mr. Mumford much admires), is a notable example of the genuine expression of building needs, and of the many modern houses commonly called "Colonial" there is none which could possibly be mistaken for a real old house, and thousands which are a lovely and simple solution of the problem of putting four walls and a roof around the place where a family is to live.

And there exists, I believe, one saving grace in the present situation, which Mr. Mumford has not remarked. Bad as the work of the architect has often been, and bad as much of it still continues to be, it is better than work not designed by architects, more beautiful, more stable, more sound. If as Mr. Mumford says, many of our buildings set out to be "the cheapest thing that will hold together for fifteen years" (which I do not think is often the case), such part of these cheap buildings as are designed by architects have better light, better air, and are more beautiful and more honestly built than the other part, and the significant fact is that the proportion of our building designed by architects is steadily increasing. Twenty years ago it was said to be less than 1½ per cent in value (and a lesser percentage in number) of all the buildings then under construction. Today it is nearly 10 per cent in value, and probably over that proportion in number. Also there is on the part of the public as a whole a real awakening to the value of good design. Mr. Mumford has noted that many of our factories have been excellently designed, that our industrial housing is not infrequently appropriate to its use and aesthetically satisfactory, and further that there is a general public demand for good design in objects of all kinds. Take our furniture, for example, and compare it with that of twenty or thirty years ago. It is not only more beautiful, but better made, and while the effects of the staggering blow dealt to art appreciation of all kinds by the industrial revolution have not yet been fully absorbed, we are certainly on the way to recovery. By inquiry we learn, and that we are inquiring earnestly and humbly there can be no better proof than Mr. Mumford's book itself.

A Journalist in Diplomacy

THROUGH THIRTY YEARS. By HENRY WICKHAM STEED. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. 2 vols. \$7.50.

Reviewed by HENRY W. NEVINSON

AMERICA knows Wickham Steed, though not so well as Central Europe knows him. The Washington Conference of the winter 1921-1922 saw him at work, and all who were present there must remember that distinguished-looking man, so slim, so handsome, so intelligent, so ready to speak at length after dinners, and in every way so unlike the popular conception of what an Englishman should be. Yet Wickham Steed is entirely English by origin and upbringing, and what we should call his "Frenchified" appearance is the expression, not of race, but of a natural tendency of mind. He possesses all the clarity, the clear definition, and the logical strictness of thought and language which are the special attributes of France. The bodily appearance of a man over forty has nearly always come to coincide with his inward spirit, and that is why Wickham Steed looks so little like the typical Briton, who is so often confused in speech, so contradictory in action, so indifferent to logic, and so unexpectedly imaginative.

Not that Wickham Steed is un-English at heart. On the contrary he has remained a patriot of patriots. In his Preface he tells us that in early life his French critics discovered in him a "Protestant inclination" to apply moral standards to everything, and he makes the old-fashioned confession that he is "still prejudiced in favor of what seems 'right' and against what seems 'wrong,' and needs carefully to weigh whether his 'right' may not be others' 'wrong.'" He goes on to say that his "English political bias has, in some respects, grown stronger, for the groundwork of native prepossession always must remain unless the superstructure is to be flimsy and oscillating." Differed from him though I have on most points of political opinion, I have never felt the smallest doubt that this "Protestant inclination" to moral judgment has been his steadfast guide, and that his nature, as his aim, has remained English throughout one of the most cosmopolitan careers that ever a man could follow.

He is one of the few journalists who have definitely affected the international relations of Europe. The only other whom I have known personally was James Bourchier, also a *Times* correspondent, the creator of modern Bulgaria, and for many years the surest guide of the Balkans and the Near East. I suppose Blowitz, the famous *Times* correspondent in Paris, exercised a somewhat similar influence, though I think it was neither so strong nor so salutary. But by his persistent labor in Europe, mainly for the *Times*, Wickham Steed unquestionably made himself an international figure, and his influence upon the course of European history can never be overlooked. Years in Berlin, years in Paris, years in Rome, and, I think, the longest time in Vienna gave him an unequalled knowledge of the great European Powers and races, their characters, their political aims, and their real languages—an advantage so rare in an Englishman, and one for which I would myself willingly sacrifice almost everything else that I have learnt in a long and variegated life. This knowledge, combined with his habitual courtesy, his distinguished appearance, his freedom from the curse of shyness, and a retentive memory, enabled him to reach a position of power in the world, which, as I have said, very few journalists can hope for. As he tells us this book is not an autobiography, he does not mention, nor need I further mention, the assistance given him for so many years by the wise and remarkable lady who has supported him by her counsels.

He himself has always taken our great profession very seriously, and indeed journalism in its highest, and even in its lowest form, must be a serious business. For, as he says, the daily press is the only medium of education that affects the majority of human beings when once school or university is left behind:

It is this aspect of journalism that renders, or should render it a responsible and honorable profession. While under modern conditions the making of newspapers must necessarily be a business the making of that which newspapers exist to print is at once an art and a ministry.

Alas! if only all editors would get those wise words by heart, what a different influence many of our most popular papers in this country would have; and

I daresay the same would be true of the United States. In accordance with this principle, Wickham Steed has been not merely a clever news-gatherer for his paper (though that in itself is a considerable and, to me, a most difficult service); he has not only given wise and thoughtful advice to his editors at home and so to the whole nation; but on matters of the highest moment he has been called upon for advice or knowledge by the rulers and ambassadors of Europe, and has thus, as I said, influenced the whole course of recent European history. I freely acknowledge the fact, and I am not going here to discuss the many points upon which I should disagree with his judgment, or on which I think his influence may have proved harmful in the end. It is chiefly from the outside, as upon the fronts of war or in the turmoil of revolutions, that I have observed the terrific stream of the last thirty years in this distracted continent. But Wickham Steed has stood on the inside, often at the very centre, and has watched, or even guided, the entangled threads of diplomatic intrigue of which all those wars and revolutions have been the hideous outcome.

The first of these two explicit and carefully written volumes is taken up with tracing the course of those intrigues; the second with the history of their terrible result in the Great War. The first of the volumes fills me with greater horror—greater fear for mankind—even than the second, though I experienced the full horror of the Great War on most of its various fronts. But atrocious as the war was, there is to me something still more atrocious in the underground intrigues, the secret diplomacy, the personal aims, the selfish hatreds and attachments by which the rulers of Europe pulled the strings of a destiny that was soon to bring death upon eight or ten million young men, and to bring incalculable misery, disease, and poverty upon uncounted millions of the aged, the women, and the children. That weak-minded Czar, that dilettante-omniscience of a Kaiser, that dull and somnolent old Emperor of Austria, those vengeful Presidents, those coldly calculating Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, those tiresome Kings and their insatiable families—such were the people who were to bring ruin upon the happiness and civilization of this ancient world! It is a heart-rending tragedy, and closely as I have followed the course of European politics since I was young, I had never fully realized how abominable the chief actors in this tragedy were till I studied this first volume. For pure wickedness, for lying, deceit, unscrupulous greed, and callous indifference to life or suffering it is a chapter in human history unequalled, I may hope, in all the annals of beast or man since the beginning of life. And this was to be the consummation of a century whose philosophers called themselves "meliorists" and prated of "perfectability"! "Make the world safe for democracy!" Indeed it was about time, nor was Germany the only Power that needed to be overthrown for that end.

It was with some relief that in the course of the first volume I came upon an account of Professor Boni, the famous Roman archaeologist, and his amazing discoveries in the Forum. For I also may claim friendship with Professor Boni, and he has frequently expounded to me the meaning of much that he has revealed. Yet I cannot but remember that the last time I was with him in Rome he was most interested in a patent shoe which he had designed for the Italian Alpine troops, warranted not to slip on the snow; so that on him too the war had laid its hand. With still greater relief I read Wickham Steed's condemnation of the false Peace of Versailles, and of Lloyd George's shiftiness and ignorance during those fatal months when the "Big Four" or the "Big Three" had the chance of rebuilding the old world on nobler lines, and ended only in producing the wretchedness we see around us still. But best of all the vital questions treated by the author with such skill—best of all to me is his revelation of the change he himself largely caused in the attitude of the *Times* towards Ireland by his condemnation of the Black-and-Tans, whose abominations I helped to expose, and by his advocacy of the Treaty concluded when we were both in Washington for the Naval Conference. That day when on my way to the Conference Building I heard that the Irish Treaty had been signed was one of the two happiest in my life, and for his share in giving me that glorious happiness I owe Wickham Steed my gratitude till my life's end.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Cross Section

FORD MADOX FORD'S book on Conrad has aroused discontent among a number of people who had greatly looked forward to it. I feel incompetent to speak very helpfully of it as I haven't yet enjoyed second reading without which I find it difficult to talk intelligibly of any book. But the nature of the protests I have heard is such that I feel it well to set down my feelings. I sat late, three weeks ago, reading the book, and the thrill is with me still.

Mr. Ford calls his book "A Personal Remembrance"; it is not put forward, thank heaven, as an authoritative biography. But readers have complained that it is more about Ford than about J. C.; they object to Ford's allusions to himself as "the finest stylist in the English language" (they forget that that is not necessarily the ultimate self-praise); they wonder whether all the anecdotes are precise.

The truth of the matter is that to readers who have never been held and sickened by the whirling emptiness of an artistic problem, who have never carried in their hearts the dead faggots of a dream that could not be ignited, the book may seem ill-advised or false. But I believe that to those who have any inkling of the kind of man Conrad was, or of the kind of furious inward life such a man must lead, this book will prove enormously valuable. It almost seems to me to break new ground in the art of biography. It gives us, as Ford says he hoped to, "the subject in his scenery." It is the story, told in fragments and glimpses, of a personal relation. It is easily misunderstandable to the reader who is deficient in guile. It is a kind of dream: the dream of one artist about another. To read it as one would read—for instance—a book I once read by Mr. Heinz (the great Pickler) describing a tour of Sunday School teachers in the Orient (a book that should be in every library of mental incunabula) would be (shall we say?) an error. It is always rash, even cruel, to say that a book is meant for a limited public; but it is often true. This book is meant for those who see that when Ford says Conrad was born in Gascony he doesn't mean he was *really* born in Gascony; that when he seems to say Conrad threw the tea-cups into the fire he means Conrad looked as if he'd like to. In Alice Brown's fine phrase, he refrains from unprolific truth. I dare say there were multitudinous Conrads; this is an etching of one of them. It may be granted that Ford plumes himself rather frankly on his intimacy with his particular Conrad; but why not? I believe that Ford, in doing this anthology of Conrad's moments, came sometimes measurably near being as "acknowledged a master of English" as he tells us he was supposed to be a quarter century ago. And he is not without a graceful irony and self-mockery in so often alluding to the way in which J. C. was brought to him as a sort of pupil.

So first we must clear the hall of any possible readers who don't care for this kind of biography, or who don't quite savor the way the intensely professional literary mind works. (It was lack of imagination in others that made Conrad want to throw the tea-cups into the fire.) It may as well be admitted that this is an utterly "literary" book; it must be read not for any annotation of facts but for a sound of vanished voices. It might even, to the eye of statisticians, be gravely inaccurate; and yet be truer than any "reality." Perhaps it is a life of Marlowe. Certainly it is a life of two poets who didn't write poems. We should not forget that Conrad once said Keats was his favorite poet; and that he would like to have written "As You Like It."

"When poems ripen into form," says Grace Hazard Conkling in a charming verse, "They must be harvested by a storm." The mind of Conrad was a ripened strangeness that was harvested for us by storms. He was the perfect windfall, the greatest unearned increment recently enjoyed by England, always the luckiest of countries (as any Continental statesman will tell you). Looked at on the technical side, who can tell us more shrewdly than Ford (himself bilingual) how Conrad's mind concerned itself

with its desperate task of triple translation: from dream into French, from French into English. Every thought of Conrad's comes to us at two removes. His books are like that work of fiction (still unidentified) in "Revelations": "a book written within and on the backside." I don't suppose publishers have time to read "Revelations," where their supreme happiness is so jovially suggested: as soon as the "little book" was published "seven thunders uttered their voices." (Reviewers, perhaps?) But what I am thinking of is the passage (10th chapter):

I went unto the angel and said Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey.

Such are the books of Conrad: bitter to digest, for they are packed with the doomed nobility and folly of life; lovely to read for they chant with the grotesque cadence of a dream. In Mr. Ford's lightning flashes of divine anecdote we see the man himself, equally grotesque, and gallant, the "gentleman adventurer who had sailed with Drake," the man with increasing intensities of silence.

The real purpose of books is to trap the mind into doing its own thinking: to lull our outward restlessness with music so that the inner observation can break free. Much of Mr. Ford's rigmorale about style and writers' workshop talk may seem immaterial; and it may touch you little, since you have your own ideas about these things. But those topics were dear to Conrad; they were a part of his professional spirit, as sextants and soundings had been. If you don't know how Conrad and Ford felt, driving about the country trying grimly to get a word for the color of dark blue cabbages, this book is not for you. And it is lit up, too, by a color even more difficult to convey than the tint of cabbages: the warm tone of a great love and tenderness. The first night that Conrad spent with Ford in the latter's farm house, Ford felt "as if a king were enclosed within those walls."

"If Dirt was Trumps," said Lamb to some grimy-nailed whist player, "what a hand you would hold." At a time when dirt has sometimes looked a good deal like trumps in literature, Conrad's books have been a *Torrens* flying the flag of beauty and terror. If you cut open any work of art you will find some sort of pattern, some contoured curve and looping, some sliced whorl or spiral or eddy, marking the lines of growth and tension. Some cross section of the exquisite filaments and designing structure that held it firm and fine. Even if you cut open (it takes courage) any given capsule of Time, you will find the cross-section shows a profile of Eternity. Ford, I think, has cut open, on a crosswise and oddly biased slant, a segment of Conrad's spirit. And there we see a pattern and microcosm of great humanity and great art.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Through the generosity of Mr. William Russell Clark, editor of *The Buccaneer*, Southern Methodist University offers three prizes for original poems in 1925: A National Prize of One Hundred Dollars, open to all undergraduates in American universities and colleges.

A Texas Prize of Fifty Dollars, open to all undergraduates in Texas universities and colleges, and a Local Prize of Twenty-five Dollars, open only to undergraduates in Southern Methodist University.

The National Prize will be awarded by a committee consisting of John Farrar, editor of *The Bookman*; Dubose Heyward, author of "Skylines and Horizons," and John Crowe Ransom, author of "Chills and Fever" and Associate Professor of English in Vanderbilt University. The other prizes will be awarded by William Russell Clark, Edward A. Blount, and Stanley E. Babb, literary editor of *The Galveston News*.

Each contestant is limited to one poem, or group of poems, not exceeding two hundred lines in length. Each contestant must send three typewritten copies of his poem; if he is eligible for more than one prize, he must send six copies. The author's name should not appear on the manuscript. No manuscripts will be returned. No subject or poetic form is prescribed. All contestants will receive a copy of a pamphlet containing the ten best poems submitted. Each entry must be accompanied by a statement certifying that the contestant is a bona fide resident undergraduate at some time during the session of 1924-25. All poems submitted must reach Dallas not later than March 15, 1925, and should be sent to Jay B. Hubble, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

Books of Special Interest

French Catholicism

THE CATHOLIC REACTION IN FRANCE. By DENIS GWYNN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. \$1.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND TURNER
Yale University

THIS volume is the work of an Irish Catholic journalist who has worked and studied in France. A foreign but sympathetic observer he attempts an account of the Catholic movement there especially since the war. He believes that this movement plays a vital part in the present history of France, and that it has inspiration and lessons for Roman Catholics elsewhere. The chapters contain much of interest. The author writes moderately, though his work is non-critical in that he proceeds as a Romanist, with many things assumed, not examined or discussed. Parts of the volume have previously appeared in various periodical publications.

How many of the 39,200,000 inhabitants of France are Roman Catholics at present? The author quotes two estimates: Georges Goyau believed it impossible to obtain figures even approximately true, but whether there were five, or, as others say, ten, millions of practicing Catholics in France that number was only a minority of the total population; the Vicomte d'Avenel, excluding Paris and Alsace-Lorraine, stated that of 34,000,000 some ten millions were practicing Catholics, perhaps seventeen millions remained in some conformity with the rules of the church by intermittent attendance at Sunday mass, while at least seven millions lived in a total disregard. All this did not come in recent years. Probably disintegration and decay of the church during the eighteenth century went much further than was ever suspected then, and helped to make possible some of the most radical changes of the French Revolution. In 1847 the Abbé Petitot declared that only two millions of the 32,000,000 people went to confession. In 1851 Monsignor Dupanloup wrote that in his diocese of Orléans 45,000 out of 350,000 went to the sacra-

ments at Easter. In later years there has been much change. In the diocese of Orléans there are now more than twice as many communicants at Easter, and the number of frequent communicants is fifteen times what it was. Much of this has recently occurred, and results from the experiences of the Great War and what followed.

The author asserts that 32,000 French ecclesiastics were mobilized for active service in the struggle, of whom 4,600 were killed, more than ten thousand were mentioned in despatches, and almost that many had the *croix de guerre*. Forgetting old opposition and hostility the priests were filled with patriotic fervor. Generals Pau, Castelnau and Foch were devoted followers of the church, while some of the younger commanders—Mangin, Gouraud, Franchet d'Espèrey, Weygand—were deeply religious, even ascetic.

The author gives less account than should be, perhaps, of how in France, as everywhere else in this time of desolation and mortal danger, men and women turned for consolation to religion and the church. At all events, when the war was over a great religious revival was apparent. At the same time many formerly hostile now felt gratitude to Catholic generals and soldiers. Churches were restored. Politicians and leaders cooperated with churchmen and assisted their cause. The reviewer believes that only time will tell how much of this is temporary reaction and passing phase.

The author describes the efforts to supply an adequate number of clergy; the better relations between church and churchmen on the one hand and state on the other; the improvement in relations between France and the Vatican; the Catholic press—*La Croix* has a daily circulation of nearly 400,000 copies; the Catholic trade unions (*syndicats chrétiens*) somewhat conservative, but a growing force while other trade unionism in France is declining.

One of the most interesting portions of the work concerns the effect of revived Catholicism on population and birth-rate. The author ascribes the very small families of France to moral degeneracy that prefers

love of ease and desire for a certain material standard, and he traces it in large part directly to the provision of the Code Civil which compels equal division of property among heirs. Limitation of offspring, deliberate and widespread, results from application of contraceptive devices and general practice of abortion, not from sterility or physical decline. The Catholic church is unalterably opposed, and the most devoutly Catholic districts show the highest birth-rate in France. Brittany, for example, produces a surplus of population that emigrates to un-Catholic parts of the country. Here the writer has much of hope. In the spread of Catholic principle and precept he sees prospect that French population may again so increase that France will hold her own in Europe; in the greater increase among Catholics he sees certainty that France will be more and more completely Catholic again. It is a very complicated question. Many sociologists and thinkers now hold that smaller families and check to growth of population are prerequisite to any raising of the standard of living and to any scheme for lasting world peace. The reviewer merely suggests to the author that excess of population in Ireland has probably caused more of the misery of the Irish than any other single factor.

Gray's "Elegy"

THE BACKGROUND OF GRAY'S "ELEGY." By AMY LOUISE REED. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY H. CLARK
Yale University

IT is a pleasure to find a treatment of this significant subject—a subject much better defined by Professor Reed's subtitle: "A Study in the Taste for Melancholy Poetry, 1700-1751." The author has groped among the gloomy shadows of a complex period and she brings forth much interesting evidence to support her thesis that the "Elegy" owes its popularity to a "perfectly adequate expression of a widespread popular feeling, the 'melancholy' of the first half of the eighteenth century."

The strength of the work lies in its painstaking accumulation of fact; its weakness lies in the author's reluctance to interpret fact—to come to philosophic conclusions. The reader is reminded at times of a student's notebook of summaries; beginning with the formidable "Anatomy of Melancholy" and continuing down to Gray himself, every piece of writing which is suspiciously sombre is summarized in detail. The scholarly industry and accuracy displayed are truly impressive. However, having made a compilation of priceless material, having rescued many a gem from the dark unfathomed caves of obscurity, Professor Reed seems content to rest from her labors; there is little if any attempt to probe beneath the surface, to ascertain the underlying causes of this melancholy. For instance, after an excellent chapter summarizing nature poems, she ventures to assert "an association" "between the description of nature and either pensive or gloomy reflection." The cause for this fact, I think, is found in the stress nascent romanticism was laying on the life of the senses—on the outer world; because nothing is more transient than sensuous pleasure, men became appalled at the fugacity of what they held dear, and hence more melancholy. This is simply an example of what I should term analysis but half completed; facts are indispensable; the essence of their value, however, lies in their interpretation.

It is unfortunate that Professor Reed should eschew philosophy, for melancholy is essentially a philosophic subject. The overshadowing presence of melancholy indicates a breakdown in the outworking of the current philosophy. If the goal of life is happiness, melancholy suggests a retreat from that goal; the compelling question is one of course. No subject, to my mind, can be more vital, more broadly human; literature, from this point of view, is simply a record of the actual beliefs of men, and more important still, a record telling whether these beliefs made them happy or unhappy. The mere fact—that they were happy or unhappy—is the starting point.

However, it is difficult to steer a middle course between the Scylla of fact and the Charybdis of generalization; if one must veer toward either, the former is infinitely less dangerous. This book is an invaluable aid to the study of the period.

Harper Books

BOOKS OF ENDURING INTEREST

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Foreign Literature**French Literary Journals**

VINGT-CINQ ANS DE LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE, (1895-1920). Publié sous la direction de EUGÈNE MONTFORT, Tome II. Paris: Librairie de France. 1924.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINZ
Smith College

THESE two new instalments of an important work are again very enlightening to those who wish to understand our literary age.

Among the "types curieux et pittoresques" of "Fascicule 8" are the elusive Apollinaire, author of "L'Hérésiarque," Alfred Jarry, the 15-year-old writer of "Ubu, Roi," the quaint poet Robert de Montesquiou, and Jean Moréas, the founder of the *Ecole romane*. Most of these sketches are as delightfully well written as they are entertaining.

In "Fascicule 9," all the well established periodicals are dismissed at once and only those vanguard journals taken into consideration in which the rising generations give their ideas for the renovation of arts and letters. Most of these publications were very ephemeral, sometimes disappearing after three or four issues; others resisted longer; few survive long enough to become regular institutions like the venerable *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Revue de Paris*, or *Revue Bleue*.

Philoxène Bissot—who prepared "Fascicule 9"—has succeeded in remaining perfectly clear in this introduction to what appears to be, at first sight, a hopeless labyrinth. He divides the 25 years into three periods: from 1895 to 1903; from 1903 to 1914; from 1914 to 1920.

1895 is the year of open revolt against "Symbolism and Decadentism," which, for the preceding ten years, had waged a successful fight against "Realism and Naturalism." The pendulum then swung back; for, the so-called "Naturism" is little more indeed than "Naturalism" refraining from shocking extremes; the idea was to oppose once more real life, not only physical and external, but real mental and moral life—to dream, imagination, eccentricity. Emmanuel Bousquet took the lead and launched *Documents sur le Naturisme*:

Nos aînés ont préconisé le culte de l'irréel, l'art du songe, le frisson nouveau; ils ont aimé les fleurs vénénueuses, les ténèbres et les fantômes, et ils furent d'incohérents spiritualistes. Pour nous l'au-delà ne nous émeut pas, nous croyons en un panthéisme gigantesque et radieux. . . . Nous revenons vers la Nature.

It did not take long for the movement to gain momentum. The *Effort* gave its support; then *La Plume*; betraying a similar inspiration; then *L'Ermitage* (which had been one of the staunch supporters of Symbolism) came over to Naturism. Moreover, from Paris Naturism spread into the provinces, and little "revues de jeunes" sprang up in Auxerre, Montpeller, Valence, Toulouse, Nancy, etc. Finally in 1897 victory was complete, and the *Revue Naturaliste* became for that generation what the *Mercur de France* had been for the preceding. Even René Ghil, Vielé-Griffin, A. Retté, had by that time deserted Symbolism.

The Dreyfus affair (1897-1901), however, forced to the front new preoccupations. All the young writers began discussing with passion social questions; and their little "revues" *Les Semailles*, *Aujourd'hui*, *Le Beffroi*, etc., advocated a new gospel which soon assumed decided anarchistic tendencies; so much so that a reaction became necessary, and two strong groups,—of *Jeunes*—that of *La Vogue* headed by Tristan Klingsor, and that of *L'Occident*, headed by Mithouard—endeavored to dam the streams of vague and dangerous utopias; they succeeded to a surprising extent.

From 1903 on, the need was felt for a new dash into the realm of originality. While an attempt to return to Symbolism

had caused the appearance of the remarkable, but short-lived, *Revue des Idées* (under the direction of Rémy de Gourmont), of *Prose et Vers*, and of *La Phalange*, new tendencies were inaugurated by Eugène Montfort and his friends of *Les Marges*. In *Les Marges* was voiced first the protest against a new wave of Rousseauism and of Neo-romanticism a protest which has spread so much since—which, in fact, is not quite dead yet. At the same time the theory of the so-called "Unanimisme" came to life: it was carried into the field of literature, the philosophy of Gustave Lebon, in his famous book "La Psychologie des Foules": Jules Romains published in *Les Marges* his first "Recits de la Vie Unanime" until, in 1908, he founded his own revue *L'Unanimisme*.

A new impulse, although rather indefinite in its aim, was given after 1909 by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*—which, by the way, was launched with considerable financial backing. A. Gide, Copeau, Gheon, Schlumberger were among its founders and first contributors. Other men of repute like Claudel, P. Valéry, Ch. Louis Philippe, Jules Romains soon joined them. It is even to-day one of the best patronized periodicals in France.

In 1914 the war stopped everything for a while. Shortly after the trench warfare had set in, however, literature struggled to come to its own. Bissot does not mention the various *feuilletons* published in the trenches, except, indeed, one which has remained very much alive to this day, and is considered one of the best organs of the younger criticism, *Le Crapouillot*. It is under the able direction of Gaton de Boisier. Behind the lines, *Bouquet Double* (published in Lausanne, but by Frenchmen), *Solstice*, and *Nord et Sud*, won some recognition.

As soon as the end was in sight, in 1918, efforts were made in several quarters to resume work. E. g. *Les Marges* opened fire during the very days of the great German offensive, and these proud words of their first issue deserve to be quoted here:

Nous avions décidé de réparaître avant l'offensive allemande, avant les Goethas et le bombardement de Paris.

L'offensive!—Nous avons entièrement confiance. Il n'y a donc pas lieu de remettre la publication de ces nouvelles *Marges*.

Les Goethas? Le bombardement!—N'exagérons rien, allons. . . .

Ce qui est plus grave, à notre point de vue, c'est la question du papier.—Nous avons du papier.

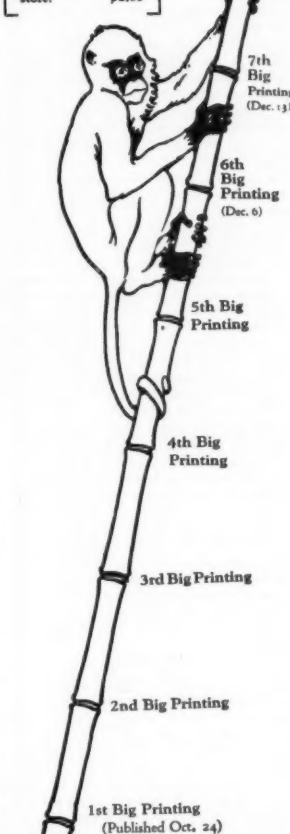
The *Nouvelle Revue Française* reentered the field in 1919; but an unexpected welcome (or unwelcome) was given it by the first number of *Littérature*; there, the future "Dadaists," Aragon, Breton, and Soupault poked terrible fun at what they considered to be unbearable fossilism. (It is only just to remark that the *Nouvelle Revue Française* did not return the fire, but on the contrary showed great courtesy to the newcomers,—or was it that they wished to placate them?)

Less iconoclastic than *Littérature* were: *Rose Rouge*, *Le nouveau Spectateur*, and *Feuilles libres*—all of 1919, which prepared the way for the *Muse Française*. The latter has become to-day the organ of the concentrated efforts of the coming generation of poets. Incidentally, they have consecrated one of their recent numbers to Ronsard whose fourth centennial is commemorated this year.

In "England's Europäische Politik" (Bern: Bircher) Heinrich David has presented an informed and dispassionate survey of English continental policy. His book, while containing nothing new, is an interesting and clear analysis of the cardinal points of British European policy.

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—Homer E. Woodbridge in the
Saturday Review

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—The Saturday Review (London)

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Cocteau and Picasso

By JEAN CATEL

We usually associate the two names, as the painter and the poet are associated in friendship, and did not Picasso paint Cocteau? Did not Cocteau explain Picasso? The association is strange enough. What can be the relation between page and canvas, words and colors? Yet, there it is. If you read "Le Secret Professionnel" where Cocteau with facility and wit unveils to you the secret that there is no secret and then turn to "Picasso" (in the same collection, (Les Contemporains), Librairie Stock) you realize that the association of the two names is accounted for: Picasso is against painting; Jean Cocteau is against literature. The problem might be widened, if we should include the musicians, Satie, Milhaud who often give the impression that they are against music.

Let us be positive: the question is not new. Racine, in the XVIIth century was against poetry, against the kind of poetry which was being written by others; Verlaine, in the XIXth century, was against literature, a certain *genre* of literature which threatened to become eloquence. Both Verlaine and Racine wanted words to be words, not guns. It was, in their minds (unconsciously with Racine, consciously with Verlaine) to "recapture simplicity." The French mind, which refuses to be led into mysticism, is, however, apt to revel in pomposity. It has to be told to keep quiet, at times. This is the reason why a good genius (the genius of France, naturally) has provided us with Picasso and Cocteau. Let us ask the poet what he thinks of the secret which Picasso has brought to our world. We read the booklet and we listen to a charming talker. Cocteau is a magician. He would like the simile. We discover various truths: Picasso, first of all, has learnt his *metier*. His workmanship is matchless. Then he permitted himself all the fanciful tricks that occurred to him. He could afford it since his native good taste served as a barrier. One day he permitted his model to vanish, in its place his fancy saw "a splendid metaphor of lines, of masses, of colors." Then he went to the "humblest object," a newspaper, an ad, cards, a fan. And the miracle was wrought: these things lived under Picasso's touch. "I saw him fondly handling a chicken such as you buy at the toyshop. When he put it back on the table it was a Hokourai chicken."

Are you satisfied? "Has Cocteau succeeded in unveiling some rules without resorting to technical terms?" He himself puts the question. We may answer that if there is anything that we now understand better it is Cocteau himself, not Picasso. Turn to the reproductions and you are confronted by a beauty which Cocteau has not tried to explain. But turn to Cocteau's writings, his verse or his prose criticism and lo! Your reading has brought some light. When he said of Pablo Picasso "Arelquino dwells at Port-Royal," the formula tells a truth about his own mind. Cocteau plays pranks and judges himself. What he said of Picasso is true of himself: the artist must be a proficient workman before he begins to create. Then let him indulge in manifold experiments with colors, or words. The more his fancy will guide his pen or his brush the nearer to his genius he will come.

The foregoing lines explain Jean Cocteau's evolution towards a classical form of verse, if they do not explain Picasso's cubistic works. The images, the puns, the syncopated rhythms which so far expressed Cocteau's unconscious mind have been nothing but his somersaults and pranks. Shall we have to defend them against Cocteau? Is he renouncing them? When I saw him last he was retiring into solitude, a lovely solitude, that of the warm and fragrant South. He was leaving Paris, tired but hopeful, under the spell of his adaptation of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Shall we consider this last work as a farewell? What will be the "simplicity" that, like Paul Valéry, Cocteau will cultivate in the silence of his golden solitude?

Is there, indeed, any need of simplification in the literature and art of modern France? Only distance may turn chaos into harmony. Living today we are only too glad to let our senses answer the jarring calls of its allurement. Critics whose mission is to warn us against trespassing are apt to denounce the envying chaos. Poets rush into it. But take the greatest French poets since Victor Hugo and acknowledge that they never lost their heads. Baudelaire,

whom Poe the analyst fascinated, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and the present generation with Paul Valéry, Jean Cocteau and the once-called Dadaists: they all of them are critical minds as well. They all of them, following example of Baudelaire, the common ancestor, when they come to study the means at their disposal, feel the need of simplification. So there must be some deep reason for it. We hoped to discover it in Cocteau-Picasso. I am afraid we are still in the dark. Yet here is a confession taken at random in "Le Secret Professionnel":

"Our epoch frees itself of anarchy and goes back to the laws in a new spirit."

"Our infidelity to rhyme, to fixed rules, for the sake of other intuitive rules, brings us back to the fixed rule and to rhyme with a new scruple."

So, if there is any definite meaning to such confidences, regular verse is as intuitive as free verse; rhyme is not a conventional pattern: its roots are deep in the unconscious associations of the mind. The same could be said of alliteration, assonance, and, above all, of the very soul of French verse: the vowel-arrangement, like a garland resting upon the pillars of the consonants. Through the experiments of symbolism, romanticism, classicism, the poets have created a "fixed rule." Much wealth has been acquired, by mere chance. For instance we shall say that the pranks and somersaults in which Cocteau has indulged have moulded the old material anew and the poet is now ready for a perfect construction.

It comes to saying that French verse is entering a period of abstractions. It refuses to have anything to do with reality. It shuts itself up in the spirit, where it plays with words, forms, and lines. Picasso has showed that reality was the slave of the poet. Yet he is not responsible, alone, for the abstraction of modern verse. Paul Valéry seems to have been more influenced by music; and certainly Mallarmé who was the first to seek for subtle correspondences between the language and the soul underwent no pictorial influence. Music was also with him the determining force. We are confronted with the same problem: only we are asked to imitate Picasso rather than Wagner. Mallarmé clothed his thought in a rustling mantle of silk: let the new mode of Symbolism be rather architectural than impressionistic. Jean Cocteau has declared war on Debussisme, which has turned to be the denial of "line." I remember hearing him say: "At last painters draw, musicians sing."

So the need for a Pure Form, abstracted from the emotions of daily life, is the most immediate need of French verse. The mind of the poet will be a crucible where the dross of sensations shall be transmuted into pure gold.

This is a mere restatement of our Classicism. Already we see Jean Cocteau, Paul Valéry, Pierre Reverdy and others, different only in outward looks, play upon the old harpsichord, with a renewed skill and an amazing subtlety of touch.

Foreign Notes

PIERRE CHAMPION, noted as a mediaeval scholar and as an expert on fourteenth and fifteenth century literature, has recently issued a volume of war sketches entitled "Françoise au Calvaire" (Paris: Grasset). The book, which contains faithful descriptions of trench life, gains its main interest from its interpretation of the mind of the Breton peasant. Here M. Champion's wide knowledge has stood him in good stead in furnishing a historical background for his interpretation.

Amy A. Bernardy has edited and supplied with an introduction a hitherto unpublished manuscript of the Ferrara Public Library, the farm ledger of Ariosto's estate at San Vitale. "Il Conto dei Contadini di Messer Ludovico Ariosto" (Ferrara: Atti e Memorie della Deputazione Ferrarese di Storia patria) presents interesting details as to the management and features of an Italian sixteenth century farm, and also sheds light on some of the statutes and customs of the Ferrara of the period. It contains, too, references to a love passage in the life of the poet, thereby adding something to the rather scant biographical material upon Ariosto.



By, the PHOENICIAN

WE learned awhile ago that an important Coast weekly, *The San Francisco Argonaut*, had changed hands. Fred Somers was its first editor. He later established *Current Opinion* in New York. Then the brilliant Frank Pixley owned and edited it. Jerome A. Hart succeeded him. Hart was an extremely clever *littérateur*. The erudite Alfred Holman purchased the paper from Hart. And now Holman has sold *The Argonaut* to Samuel Travers Clover, who made a success of the *Los Angeles Graphic* and has incorporated the *Los Angeles Saturday Night* with the *Argonaut*, which is published simultaneously in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Holman meanwhile has taken over the *San Francisco Bulletin* from the Loring Pickering estate.

We expect still greater things of *The Argonaut*. It is the one journal upon the coast that has constantly maintained a high standard of literary excellence. It can do a great deal toward truly promoting and conserving pure literature upon the Coast. It can, if it wills, encourage local creative writing in its pages and thus make itself the vehicle for the most distinguished contemporary Coast prose and poetry. This would mean an expansion of its ordinary policy, but we are convinced that such encouragement would bring to flower a particularly fine literature latent in California. *The Argonaut* is the logical periodical to encourage, train, and direct that literature.

Those who recall G. B. Stern's fine novel "Debatable Ground," published here three years ago, will be glad to hear that her later work, "The Back Seat," is to be followed by "The Matriarch," to be published next week. *The London Sunday Times* has already said of "The Matriarch" that in it Miss Stern has "come near to performing... what might well be thought the impossible feat of inventing a new kind of novel."

Now that Samuel Gompers is dead, readers will turn with special interest to his autobiography "Seventy Years of Life and Labor," in which he interweaves the story of his own life with the story of our time. Whatever the political Right and Left may have to say against him, he remains an impressive figure; he has left the impress of a dynamic personality upon a long chapter of our industrial history.

In "The Road to Rannoch," by Ratcliffe Barnett, recently published in England, there is a chapter on J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose." In this chapter Mr. Barnett claims to have identified the Magic Island as the tiny one in the middle of Loch Leosavay in the north of Harris, in the Hebrides, near which (i. e. near Loch Leosavay) Sir James Barrie took a place for season's fishing a year before "Mary Rose" was produced on the stage.

"Attaboy!" Burton Rascoe shouts over to us from Paris, on the heels of a clipping "Can You Pronounce Foreign Words Like—Mauisue, 'cello, bourgeois, lingerie, décolleté, faux pas, hors d'oeuvre, marachino, Sinn Fein, Bolshevik," and so on and so forth. The clipping is pasted on a postal of the Apis of Notre-Dame in a very pretty sepia print. Well, Burton, we wouldn't worry about pronunciations if we could only be in Paris!

Mrs. Margaret L. Talmadge, mother of the famous Kleig stars, *Norma* and *Constance*, has burst into print about them in "The Talmadge Sisters," published by Lippincott. She states that the Talmadge Sisters have never refused a request for a photograph and that last year the postage, photomailers, photographs and labor of addressing pictures cost the Norma and Constance Talmadge film companies \$28,000!

Pascal Covici has announced a new, complete, corrected edition of Erasmus' famous satire on life and manners, "In Praise of Folly." It is edited with an essay of appreciation by Horace Bridger, author of "Our Fellow Shakespeare," and contains illustrations by Holbein as of his own time, by A. Angarola as he imagines the age to have been, and by Gene Markey as of today. There are a thousand copies for sale at \$7.50 a copy.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of *The Reviewer*, the pioneering literary journal of Richmond, Va., it was voted to transfer the magazine to a group in North Carolina headed by Paul Green, a Professor in the department of Philosophy. Associated with Mr. Green are the two former editors, Emily Clark Balch and Hunter Staggs; also Gerald Johnson and C. A. Hibbard of the University of North Carolina and Miss Nell Battle Lewis of Raleigh. The new magazine is to have its editorial offices in Chapel Hill but will be published by *The Times-Mercury* Company of Hickory, headed by Robert Pickens.

Mr. Green will put out his first issue next month. The magazine under its new management hopes to continue its present standard and form so ably maintained by the Richmond group, making only one change, that of paying modestly on acceptance in actual specie.

Says *The Outlook*, *The Nineteenth Century* and *After* has indulged in a debate on spelling reform, and into this debate an opponent of such "reform" bursts with "A Reader in Simplified Spelling." We quote from it:

Gerlie and boie,
Kum out too plai,
The moon due shyn
Az bryt as dai;
Levo eur sup-er
And levo eur sleep,
Kum too eur plai-fel-ore
In the street.

Have you looked at M. R. Werner's "Brigham Young" which is running serially in *The Ladies Home Journal*? If you read his "Barnum" you ought to be interested in this new biography. The "Brigham Young" will appear in book form late in the Spring. Werner's next biography will deal with Aaron Burr.

Louis Untermeyer, who will be back in this country soon from a year of foreign travel, has been making a translation of the short stories of a German writer, Gottfried Keller. These will be brought out by Harcourt next Fall under the title "The Fat of the Cat and Other Stories."

Joseph Lewis French sent us for Christmas a very charming song of his "Tis Here," set to music by H. Clough-Leigher. We thank him for his thought of us and congratulate him upon this splendid setting for his lyric.

A truly beautiful book that we have overlooked so far is Hamish Miles' translation of "Isvor, the Country of Willows" by Princess Bibesco—no, not by "Margot's" daughter, Elizabeth Bibesco, but by an entirely different Princess! Hamish Miles, you will remember, wrote with Mortimer that marvelous Mackenzie take-off "The Oxford Circus." Stokes publishes the book in this country, beautifully printed in Great Britain at the Westminster Press. It is a real discovery in *belles lettres*.

In "The Power of the Symbol," brought out by Pascal Covici, Dr. Lee Alexander Stone presents a study of his own of Phallicism from ancient to modern times, "The Worship of Priapus," by Hargrave Jennings, "Phallicism in Japan," by Edmund Buckley, and "Prostitution in Antiquity" by Dr. Edmund Dupouy. One thousand copies of this ten-dollar work are sold by subscription only.

A recent art exhibition we were interested in was Bob Hallowell's at the Montross Galleries. Robert Hallowell is the Treasurer of *The New Republic*. His watercolors reveal him as a painter of valuable sensitiveness. In October in Paris there was an exhibition of the watercolors of C. Kay Scott, husband of Evelyn Scott, the man who wrote "Blind Mice" and "Sinbad." The catalogue of the exhibition carried a preface by Roger Fry. Fry remarked that the first necessity of the watercolor is "an avaricious economy of means" and speaks of Scott's "perfect sense of his medium's peculiar charm." "His color," says Fry, "is functional and imaginative," and he demonstrates the "research spirit for global construction, for an architecture of planes."

The story of the man who conquered Yellow Fever, namely, "William Crawford Gorgas: His Life and Work," has been written by his wife, Maris D. Gorgas, in collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. Here is the history of one of the most dramatic scientific exploits of modern times.

*Les Contemporains. By Jean Cocteau. Picasso. Librairie Stock.

Announcement

Now is the time of year when one begins to consider escaping from the slush and snow of the northern climate for the sun and flowers of happier countries. It may be that you are planning a trip round the world; it may be that you are considering the Mediterranean Cruise. Indeed, it may even be that these things are impossible . . . in which case it is still possible to travel by means of books. Dry your feet by the radiator and let your imagination lead you into the lands of the mimosa, of spices, of palm trees and coral deeps.

For the benefit alike of the imaginary and the practical traveller, we submit the books listed below.



There is **FAR HARBORS**, which as its name implies, is a book written about such remote spots as Aden, Calcutta, the City of Heaven, and distant Samoa. The author writes in a romantic vein, colored by humor, and with the touch of a man sensitive to color, sound and beauty. He is himself the author of a novel, **CHANTING WHEELS**, which created widespread comment not so long ago. Mr. Hubbard Hutchinson has composed an ideal book for the traveller or the stay at home. It is not a conventional guide book, with fingerposts at every turning of the page. It is an exciting adventure. Illustrated. \$3.75



In the **MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE**, the author **Roland Jenkins**, has touched upon most of the things which the traveller will find of interest in the basin upon whose shores civilization was born and came of age. If you want information concerning this classic cruise, it is all contained in this volume. If you enjoy reading about Jaffa, Constantinople, Greece and Sicily, this is the proper book for you. It contains many illustrations in color and half tone. \$3.50



Of course, you would not be likely to make such a trip as that made by the little sailing ship **WISDOM**; still its adventures along the coast of Murders Island, through the Marquesas and into Abyssinia might still be of breathless interest. The story set forth in **THE SEA GYPSY** is one of color and excitement. Of the two authors **Edward Salisbury** and **Merian C. Cooper**, one is a sailor of renown and the other a journalist and adventurer whose wild spirit has led him into half the countries of the earth, into a Bolshevik prison and out again. There aren't many books as breezy and exciting as **THE SEA GYPSY**. It is profusely illustrated with pictures of strange corners of the earth. \$3.50



Nor are you likely to make a tour of China this season or for many seasons to come. In its present chaos there is neither comfort nor safety. Still you can sit at home and know all about China even to the present confusion and the personalities involved in it. All this is set forth in the pages of **IN THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDHA** by **Upton Close**, a young man who has spent much of his life in the Celestial Kingdom, living among the Chinese, knowing them and their ways thoroughly. In his books Mr. Close tells a story of intrigue and adventure with humor, sensibility and an eye for the spectacular. It is beautifully illustrated. \$3.50

We advise you honestly to have a look at these books. They can be seen at any bookstore

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

AS A DOCTOR SEES IT. By **B. LIBER**. New York: The Critic and Guide Co. 1924. \$2.50.

Here in pencil sketches and in pen portraits are vignettes which may be called slices of every-day life as a doctor working among the poor sees it. For instance, there is the little story of the man who says that he is all right. True, he has an awful pain in his back, fell down a step-ladder and broke his leg, was burned with a hot iron, and injured one of his hands so that an operation was necessary, but except for those things he was all right. Again, a man in a Tuxedo came into the doctor's office. No, he was not a wealthy club man, weak from excesses, but a waiter who had cut his hand almost off with a sharp knife, while at work. And he sought to be fixed up immediately, so that he might return to his labors, and not lose his job, since five persons were dependent upon him.

These little sketches mentioned above are but samples of the sort which crowd the 189 pages of the volume. They are sharp, clear, presented without bitterness, in fact, with an air of almost pathetic realism, as if, after all, what can we do with such cases? was the doctor's final reaction. The pencil drawings which accompany the vignettes of life lack the stark power of some of the little stories, little character sketches, little snapshots of existence as it actually is to not the submerged tenth, but the submerged majority in a great city. Not all are of dreary and drab characters. Some are amusing in their revelation of the naive hopes and dreams and longings of the lowly. All through the book the impression is of someone looking on, someone who would like to share, to sympathize, and who has tried to write that longing down. But the result is rather a series of pictures than of anything which might be called finely realized or emotionally moving art. The result is not propaganda, nor an artistic rendering of actual conditions, but vignettes—little sketches. Aptly enough the author dedicates the volume to writers in search of subjects, realizing perhaps that he has seen the materials for art compositions, but must leave to real writers the task of utilizing them in an art way.

MEDIEVAL ROMANCE IN ENGLAND. A STUDY OF THE NON-CYCLIC METRICAL ROMANCES. By **LAURA A. HIBBARD**. Oxford. 1924. \$3.50.

In this volume Professor Hibbard has succeeded in making a bibliographical compendium that is something more. Her book will be indispensable to the professed student of medieval romances, and a safe guide to the inquirer into things literary, who may well find the complexities of such old stories a little bewildering. Her discussions of the nearly forty romances she includes in her list are done with admirable skill. She has summarized the investigations of others with such good judgment and has added so much by her own studies that these English tales gain a new impressiveness. They have been a little overshadowed by the Arthurian stories, but they deserve the treatment they have now received, for they are some of the best tales in or out of Christendom. It is because Miss Hibbard has presented them in a new light and has studied each of them afresh that she has made her bibliographical manual a really valuable contribution to literary history. It is no mere collection of titles with mechanical digests of the books and articles referred to, but something better than that. It should stimulate further study of the field it covers, and it ought to attract new readers to the romances themselves.

Biography

OUR PRESIDENTS. By **JAMES MORGAN**. Macmillan. 1924. \$2.50.

This handy volume answers the questions as to who were our Presidents and what they stood for. They are in many cases but names even to the recipients of good schooling and higher education, but in this book they are presented as living individuals. From Washington to Coolidge, each sketch of these Presidents is a brief, intimate biography, stressing the characters and the human qualities of our chief magistrates. Pen portraits of them are accompanied by sidelights on their wives

and family surroundings in cases likely to make for better understanding of their administrations, their times, or themselves. Fifteen entire pages are devoted to appropriate illustrations.

Drama

HILDA. A poetic play in four acts. By **FRANCES GUIGNARD GIBBES**. Brentano's. The same. 1924.

THE FACE. A poetic play in three acts. By **FRANCES GUIGNARD GIBBES**. Brentano's. 1924.

The noblest drama of our language is cast in indestructible iambics. That there should now and then arise those who aspire to the same mould is only natural. But, at a venture, their trouble is one of putting the cart before the horse. The pre-Cromwellian giants were dramatists first and poets afterward. Our moderns may or may not be poets first but they are certainly dramatists afterward. It would be a pleasure to swallow this entire paragraph were another Stephen Phillips to rise up and give it the lie.

"Hilda" is no exception to the poet's first essay into drama. It concerns the coming of the first Christian messenger to Bernicia (Britain) and, by the same token, the coming of love to his cousin, Hilda. The two themes are not brought to an emulsion and that is one of several reasons why, in spite of some poetic spurts, the little drama just tries and tries again to the final curtain.

In the second play, "The Face," Miss Gibbes has advanced almost magically. It is a word picture of Leonardo Da Vinci taken at the time (by poetic license) he was painting his two greatest canvases, The Last Supper and the portrait of Mona Lisa Gioconda. The subject itself is more instinct with drama than is "Hilda" and it is handled with a restraint that makes its overtones more vibrant, with sustained poetic feeling, and with a firm grasp of characterization. Particularly well done is the Ambrogio, one of Leonardo's pupils. Whereas the first play would hardly compensate the fevers and distress of production, a production of "The Face" would prove artistically rewarding. The audience would learn something of Da Vinci and Mona Lisa and the author would probably learn not to throw her situations so lightly away once she has taken the trouble of devising them.

FOUR PLAYS FOR FOUR WOMEN. By **ALICE GERSTENBERG**. Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

In this, her latest volume of one-act plays, Miss Gerstenberg, best known perhaps by her "Overtones" of Washington Square Players fame, provides clever dramatic sketches, which, as she states in a preface, "may be played by the same four women, or the characterization may be distributed among sixteen women," the idea being that they shall be given together to form a full length program. The plays, by name, "Mah-Jongg," "Their Husband," "Ever Young," and "Seaweed" depict the modern woman of sophistication in various moods, chiefly as she is impelled by love interests. Well characterized, of "smart" dialogue, and requiring only the simplest of settings, indeed practically no settings whatever, they are eminently actable, having been tested out in production, and should be in much demand for women's clubs. The note of satire in them is tonic.

PLAYS AND PAGANS. By **COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS**. Appleton. \$1.75.

Fiction

SINS OF THE FATHERS AND OTHER TALES. By **GEORGE GISSING**. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1924.

In spite of Mr. Vincent Starrrett's subtly argued introduction to this resuscitation of certain stories by George Gissing till now gathering oblivion in ancient files of the *Chicago Tribune*, we cannot feel the publication of this volume well-advised. We agree thoroughly with Mr. Christopher Hagerup who really dug up the material, and to whom Mr. Starrrett refers in saying that Hagerup later decided "that they were (Continued on next page)"

A FEW OF THE 1924

Dutton Books

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

not important enough to justify publication." Certainly no importance as literature can possibly attach to these stories. They are perhaps not quite as bad as certain magazine stories of the period (1877) but they are plenty bad enough, so bad as to be full of unconscious humor.

ISLES OF THE BLEST. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. Harpers. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Steele is one of the most skillful practitioners of the tropical novel. He is able to put into his story an infiltration of glamour which carries the conviction of truth, and his knack for constructing a tale is acknowledged. He does not paint upon the hot canvas of palms and coral isles puppets who hold an interest merely or chiefly because their lives are shown against such a background.

Robert Ling and Helen Jaynes have been living together on an island in the Caribbean sea for more than a year, after running away from New York and from Helen's husband. Life and love have wilted, not bloomed. A cable comes, announcing that Helen's husband has divorced her; and the same day, an unusual occurrence, two ships call at the port, one northbound, the other south. Ling and Helen go through a hasty marriage service, and Ling contrives to send Helen aboard the ship bound for New York, saying that he will follow. He takes passage in the southbound vessel, and discovers that Helen is aboard, trying to escape from him.

Hepar, an unsophisticated youth and a confiding one, on his way to take over the management of an oil company agency in British Guiana, falls in with them. The story takes up the working out of the problems of the three in the forsaken tropic town in Guiana—Ling and Helen, who live in the same hotel, but apart, and Hepar, fascinated by this man and woman, lonely and being swallowed up in the tropic's maw.

Mr. Steele gives a vivid picture of life in the tawdry Guiana hotel. He is after truth rather than romance. How Ling and Helen are reawakened to each other's need through this callow youth is a story which Mr. Steele tells in a far from commonplace way. Nor is the *finale* so easy, so soon, or so banal as is here indicated. The emotional level is sustained without flagging. These are no weak people whom Mr. Steele has created. Mr. Steele's style is rapid, staccato, when the action quickens, and easily flowing, resilient at other times. One feels always that the story is in the hands of a competent handler of character and narrative.

ST. ANTHONY AND OTHER STORIES. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Translated by LAFACIO HEARN. Albert & Charles Boni. 1924. \$2.00.

"The Coward," "The Necklace," "The Piece of String," "La Mere Sauvage," "The Horla"—Well, one might name other stories that are pleasantly absent from this volume translated by Lafacio Hearn. Not that there can be a quarrel with the tales mentioned, but that the anthologies of De Maupassant have so seldom given us anything else but those tales. Hearn's selection is so refreshingly original that perhaps few of the stories in this book are known to the merely casual readers of the Frenchman.

This very originality has, however, its inherent weakness. For the previous collectors,—to give them the benefit of a doubt,—may have so persistently reprinted "The Coward," "The Necklace," "The Piece of String," etc., simply because these are De Maupassant at his story telling and analytic best. To escape one more repetition of those supreme stories, Hearn has been made, perforce, to take to the second best.

There is compensation, though, in that the woodenness and irritating literalness of the common translators do not here dog us. Lafacio Hearn has put some of his finest writing into these pages, and the result is the spirit of De Maupassant in limpid, rhythmic, sensible prose—a living organism of language, and not a concoction like a high school pupils' pony.

FRESH WATERS AND OTHER STORIES. By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD. Dutton. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Child's stories give the impression of having been written by a man of the world—more, by one of importance. Even when the themes do not concern themselves with captains of industry and the very rich, one

nevertheless seems to be hearing the tale told by someone in a thoroughly comfortable setting. His range of subjects is wide, and Mr. Child—in his own person a versatile man—is at home in describing many places and modes of life. But the penetration is not deep, nor is there that warmth of human understanding which makes the puppets of the printed page to live and move. Mr. Child's urbane manner covers all. Of originality the stories display more than the average. Those who like their fiction done in the sophisticated fashion of the right wing of the *Saturday Evening Post* group will find exactly what they like in the twelve tales in this book.

THE MAN EATER. By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT. Duffield. 1924. \$1.50.

An American, Mr. Rideout succeeds in writing novels of the Far East uncomplicated by the Anglo-Indian problem or essays on internationalism. Heat is the only attribute the country of "The Man Eater" shares with that of Forster's "A Passage to India," and on the whole Mr. Rideout's heat is the hotter. It gave the hero, Captain Morgan, alias Adam Khor, the Eater of Men, a sunstroke as convincing in its realism as his courage and simplicity are delightful in their romance.

The plot is as old as the hills,—even as the hills where the American heroine was hidden by the hillmen and rescued by the Englishman,—but it has a new twist at the end. And then, the author can write. A style vivid, full of allusion, at times slightly Meredithian, gives to "Man Eater" the distinction which too many books of adventure try to do without. The hero, for example, is described as "a mild young man, rather clerical." What creator of "red blooded" fiction would let it go at that? But we have already said the author could write. We shall be accused of an interest in the royalties if we insist on saying that "The Man Eater" is a highly diverting romance.

Juvenile

PEACOCK PIE. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Illustrated by CLAUD LOVAT FRASER. Holt. 1924.

Here are the late Lovat Fraser's sixteen full-page illustrations in color to the jolliest of De la Mare's song books for children. For the first time poems and drawings are reproduced together. In his introductory note De la Mare says:

I can remember, indeed, as vividly as if it were yesterday, talking to him (Fraser) as he sat at his board with his brush and his bright inks, and watching them (the drawings) positively leap into life on the paper.

This book will be a new delight to De la Mare's, treasureable both for the brilliant pictures and the poet's note concerning the old acquaintance between genius and genius. This is an ideal Christmas gift book to all who love the arts.

THE COLONIAL TWINS OF VIRGINIA. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$1.75.

A new volume of Lucy Fitch Perkins' famous Twin Series can be counted upon to appear as regularly as the holiday season itself. This one is somewhat more pretentious than its predecessors. It has a real plot with a traitorous overseer and pirates. But the story is not as stirring as one feels it ought to be. Perhaps the shadow of information falls too heavily across the pages, as it does in the case of so many holiday juveniles. Young readers will be much more apt to remember about the conditions and life in the State of Virginia in the year 1676 if the writer forgets this sometimes in the excitement of recounting the story. The illustrations are plentiful and the author-artist is at her best in these simple pencil studies of childhood.

Poetry

CANDLELIGHT. By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD. Baltimore: Norman, Remington. 1924. 50 cents.

This tiny book of Negro poems—there are only seven altogether—is from the pen of a poet who delighted our childhood with the lilt of "Down Durlay Lane," those merry catches of the English countryside so perfectly illustrated by Reginald Birch. Her former booklet on the order of "Candlelight" was "From an Old Garden," a treasureable bit of rhymed discourse on flowers in the same Negro dialect that is so perfectly handled in the present little book.

Speaking of Books

Stephen Walczak

takes a vacation from his family; Alexander Caterigan is in such desperate straits that he tries to give away his infant daughter; and Dorothea, the unmarried "widow" of Gustavus Lange, is unable to meet her problems. What are the principles and methods that govern treatment of these and similar maladjustments? This new text for welfare workers, actual and prospective, demonstrates the defects and merits of such methods as are available. Its case material is drawn chiefly from the large welfare agencies of Chicago. *Family Welfare Work in a Metropolitan Community.* By SOPHONISBA P. BRECKINRIDGE. \$4.50, postpaid \$4.70.

"Stranded en route"

is but one of the many desolating situations from which the Immigrants' Protective League and similar organizations are able to rescue bewildered aliens. The story of the immigrant's journey—followed by his admission, exclusion, or expulsion and attendant difficulties—is told in a typical representation of official documents, organization reports, and case records. *Immigration.* By EDITH ABBOTT. \$4.50, postpaid \$4.70.

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This is darkly talk unusual in its subtlety of understanding, a dialect made significantly musical in every turn of phrase. The technique is almost flawless, the charm of the verses unusual. We hope this small book by a poet with so beautiful a name and so artistic a touch on her material may not be overlooked in the season's grist of poetry.

SILVERHORN. By HILDA CONKLIN. Illustrated by DOROTHY LATHROP. Stokes. 1924. \$2.50.

The thin veil of silver mist, that intangible fairy web through which a true poet sees the world, belongs to the child, Hilda Conklin, in her moments of actual dream—moments that are spun out into poems like "Silverhorn" and "Water," "The Old Bridge," "Morning" and many others. In this book a collection made from her two previous volumes, "Poems of a Little Girl" and "Shoes of the Wind," one is very much aware of the fact that she consciously makes word pictures without the assistance of the fairy veil, and these, though possessing a certain charm and naïveté, lack magic and are monotonous compared with the first kind. No moonbeam flash accompanies nor softens them. Consequently the collection though pleasing, is uneven. Compare the exquisite, dreamy "Water,"

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water.
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

with "Butterfly" which is merely a pretty declaration.

As I walked through my garden
I saw a butterfly light on a flower.
His wings were pink and purple;
He spoke a small word . . .
It was Follow!
"I cannot follow!"
I told him,
"I have to go the opposite way."
Keep your veil intact, Hilda, and wait for the vision!

THE LOOMS OF ORCHIL. By LOUIS H. VICTORY. Four Seas.

THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND. By W. H. SCHULZ. Dorrance.

(Continued on page 422)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BACKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BACKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

ISVOR. By PRINCESS BIBESCO (Stokes).

A GALLERY. By PHILIP GUE-DALLA (Putnam).

JOSEPH CONRAD. By FORD MADDOX FORD (Little, Brown).

P. M. W., Lakeland, Florida, and C. H., Springfield, Ohio, ask for a book that gives the tenets of the various Christian sects, such as Methodists, Baptists, and their differentiating features.

THIS book, for which I am often asked, is "Religious Forces in the United States," by Henry K. Carroll (Scribner). Dr. Carroll is editor of the Federal Council Year Book published by the Missionary Education Movement, 156 5th avenue, N. Y., which would also be useful to those inquirers. For the broad divisions of the world's religious faith, Dr. Robert Hume's "The World's Living Religions" (Scribner) is most valuable for pointing out not only their differences but what they have in common.

P. M. W. also asks if there is a literary geography of the United States on the order of the "Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe" in Everyman's Library (Dutton).

NOT so far as I have heard, and I have kept my ear to the ground for this. The nearest to one is afforded by an amusing and accurate "Map of Good Stories," a chart of the literary United States drawn by Paul Paine of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Public Library and published originally in one of its bulletins. It is bounded on the north by "Pierre and his People," the south by "The Aztec Treasure House," the west by "Two Years Before the Mast" and the east by "1492." There is no price-mark on my copy, so before you overwhelm Mr. Paine with demands for copies—I know what this department can bring on a man by its recommendations—better write to find out the mailing expense.

Speaking of library bulletins, one issued recently by the New York Public Library contains a vivacious and valuable list of "Romans à Clef," prepared by Earle F. Walbridge, Librarian of the Harvard Club and long a valued supporter of this column. The notes make it clear which real people were meant by certain famous fictitious characters from Victorian novels to some recent best-sellers. This is a list to own and to keep; it has an introduction by Edmund Lester Pearson and you can get the bulletin for a two-cent stamp.

M. J., Baltimore, Md., needs one or more books on prints and engravings, for the use of a man who owns some fine old ones and would like to know more of their history and value; not for an expert but to serve as introduction to the subject.

"HOW to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf (Scribner), is a standard work, authority for the expert and fascinating for the beginner. His "American Graphic Art" has recently appeared in a new edition (Macmillan).

The student and lover of prints, engravings, and etchings has been recently provided with some important additions to his library. Joseph Pennell's "Etchers and Etching," first brought out in 1914, has just been reissued with new matter and additional illustrations (Macmillan). Mr.

Pennell's piquant discussions of men and methods—piquant being far too buttery a word—make it as lively a book as it is enlightening. "A History of French Etching," by F. L. Leppink (Dodd, Mead), takes up not the cudgel but the foils with Mr. Pennell in its preface, and effectively and entertainingly presents the work of certain French masters. "The Masters of Engraving and Etching" is a series of handbooks—crown quarto volumes—for collectors and students, now being published by the Medici Society; the American society is in Boylston Street, Boston. Every known work of each master will be represented, and a catalogue raisonné, giving every known state of each print, will form the bulk of the letter-press, which will not be critical or historical. The importance of this series, of which two volumes are ready and two more in preparation, will be at once recognized by collectors.

H. L. E., Pottstown, Pa., asks for information about Henry Seidel Canby and H. L. Mencken, whose books he has read but upon whose lives and methods of work he seeks enlightenment.

HE will get it from "The Literary Spotlight" (Doran), an anonymous collection of estimates, portraits, or whatever one would prefer to call them, of the leading characters in our literary life. The chapter on Mr. Mencken is illuminating and sympathetic, while as for the one on Dr. Canby, the vivid description of how he puts in his time as editor, householder, tree-planter and the like, has every indication of being incredibly true. All in all, the book is extremely good reading.

C. C. D., Cleveland O., has a two-volume edition of "The Table Talker," brief essays on society and literature, published by William Pickering, London 1840. The essays were written for the "Morning Post," beginning 1838, and were published there as "Table Talk." He would like to know the author's name, which is not given.

DOES a reader recognize this book? It is Geoffrey Keynes's "William Pickering" (London, 1924). There was an edition of John Selden's "Table Talk" issued by Pickering in 1847, with anonymous notes by Edward Fitzgerald.

B. A., New York, asks who wrote "Through a Dartmoor Window."

BEATRICE CHASE, who wrote under the name of O. K. Parr a number of other Dartmoor books, including the continuation of this one, "The Dartmoor Window Again" (Longmans, Green). M. W., New York, is informed that the intimate biography of Sarah Bernhardt for which he is looking is apparently "The Real Sarah Bernhardt," by Basil Wood (Boni & Live-right).

A. F. D., Weehawken, N. J., looks for light on Adrianus Valerius who lived in the 16th century, he believes.

HE looked in vain because he had one letter of the name wrong; it is Valerius, the Latinized form of Adrien de (Continued on next page)

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"It is the only modern work on the subject for the layman."—*The New Republic*.

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Points of View

Authorship

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: It seems to me that in his review of "Lottery" by W. E. Woodward, Mr. Elmer Davis has missed quite everything that the satirical author aimed at. Mr. Woodward has not set out to reform the world, but to make fun of it. And he does this so admirably that whether you agree with him or not you are compelled to laugh with him—if you have intelligence. In "Bunk," he wrote what I believe to be the first genuine modern American satire, and in "Lottery" he is continuing a performance that will eventually land him in either the front rank of American novelists, the censor's lap, or the penitentiary. Mr. Woodward is a very dangerous man, and I fear for his safety. I cannot see how the bankers and manufacturers and advertising men can allow him to run loose. He is liable any moment to sink all their ships and leave them without the protective armor-plate of bunk on which they have relied for so long.

Before Woodward wrote his two devastating novels, he was an advertising man and a banker. He was successful. No one can call him sored on his own world, then; and no one could deny that he saw big business from the inside long before he set out to shoot dum-dum bullets at whatever he thought needed the treatment. Nowhere in his novels does he say that all business men are like either Richard Ellerman or Jerry Garrison: he does not even imply this. Mr. Woodward is too wise a man to bury himself in generalities. He takes certain instances such as one stumbles upon with alarming frequency in the business and political world, and he dresses them up in an engaging manner and sends them forth to parade in the world. Sometimes they are recognized: more often not; but no matter. He has not found it necessary to exaggerate, and if the reader cannot see the point, it is the reader's fault and not Woodward's.

"Bunk" tells the tale of Michael Webb, de-bunking expert, and his adventures here and there in business, in his capacity of bunk-extractor and practitioner in "thinking by the day and week" for other people. This diabolically clever book is mystical: it is satire in the first, or Voltairean degree. "Lottery," however, is quite different, for Woodward here has written a novel, a realistic novel, faithful in every detail to life, which is nevertheless a satire. It was as hard to do this as it is perhaps to appreciate it. In reporting the eulogy that the "success" magazine wrote of Jerry Garrison's lucky upward course, wherein he rises upon the shoulders of others, Woodward need not have written an original story for Jerry. I have been glancing through some of these magazines of late, and by changing a few names and facts I could use several of them for Jerry Garrison without straining my imagination. They are so amusing in themselves that they need no burlesque. The one figure in America that defies satire is the farmer, rustic and uncouth though he may often be. But you never hear of him. He is unimportant. He merely feeds the big business men food that they may feed us bunk.

Woodward cannot be called a propagandist, unless indeed he is attempting to give us a more subtle sense of humor than the comic sections and the banal monotonies of our so-called humorists are developing in us. He is clever, but he is decidedly not superficial. The agile pen with which he impales people regardless of their positions or influence is held by a hand attached to a body which shelters a mind of rare depth and understanding.

"The first speech of the day," he says, in "Lottery," at a gathering to dedicate a fake historical house which Jerry has dug up to increase his fame, "was by Robert Archer, a lean-faced, thin-lipped cotton broker who had made up his mind early in life that it is better to be witty than right. He spent most of his time scratching around in his own mind, searching for witty sayings with the assiduity of a hungry robin looking for worms on a lawn. . . . Besides being a wit, Mr. Archer was a mud-dle-headed ass, as so many witty people are." Does this not effectively disclaim any attempt at mere wit on the part of Woodward? Throughout the book, there are passages like this, amazingly apt smiles, sharp barbs thrust with unerring precision, and a running stream of philosophical satire that seems to pour from his mind just as the waters of Lake Michigan empty them-

selves generously and inexhaustibly into the Chicago River. He has more than one thing to say, and many ways of saying all of them.

With his unusual combination of creative genius and satirical wit, there is no knowing what W. E. Woodward may do. But whatever he does, he cannot fail to add to the body as well as the garments of American letters.

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

"Pocono Shot," by John Taintor Foote, is a book of no importance, but it has acquired some in relation to *The Saturday Review* through being commended as follows: "It is a pity that it cannot be forced into the hands of the unaided aesthetes, modernists, intelligentia and what not" at whom Mr. Foote has sped his uncritical but health-plumed shaft." I doubt that any editor of *The Saturday Review* can have dipped into "Pocono Shot" before that was printed.

We devotees of good rod and gun stories, and especially of bird dog stories, will always want to see whatever Mr. Foote may write. Others must enjoy him also as a pleasant entertainer and value him as more than a little of an artist, with a better talent than most of the magazine fictioneers possess. It shows in all his work and strongly in his best work; it shows in "Pocono Shot," and was recognized by your reviewer as it should have been.

But when he leaves field and stream he leaves his element, and when he feels called upon to rebuke the "intelligentia" from the arena, and set his dog pointing morals and his angler flogging schools of thought, he enters an element in which Mr. Bryan, Mr. Justice Ford, the late Miss Gaston, Mr. Sumner, the Rev. Clarence True Wilson, the Miss Heckleberry whose name and Mr. Marquis's have been coupled, Mr. George F. Babbitt in his virtuous moods, and Mr. Frank Munsey could form a congenial company.

The villain in "Pocono Shot" is the son of a mountain community's cruel Cressus. He is a "neurotic," an "intellectual," and a modernist poet and a psychoanalyst for purposes of seduction. (That, by the way, is the purpose of modernist poetry and psycho-analysis—whatever Mr. Wilfred Lay may think.) He forms a class of mountain maidens, expounds his works and Freud's, and (as well as I could gather from Mr. Foote's delicacy) succeeds in seducing them all. One becomes pregnant. He murders her. The great bird dog scents the murder home to him. Later his father, the Cressus, takes revenge on the dog with an axe, whereupon the dog's owner murders the father, which murder is connived at by all hands, including Mr. Foote.

This villain is Mr. Foote's archetype of "aesthetes, modernists, intelligentia." They are all from this pattern and all alike, degenerate, promiscuous. They appear to include every poet beyond the compass of Alfred Noyes, every fiction writer beyond that of Richard Harding Davis, every analytic psychologist, every person whose ideas on social, economic or political questions would not be acceptable to the American Defense Society, every long-haired male and short-haired female. They undoubtedly live in Greenwich Village, where Mr. Foote must have studied them from life as mirrored in the cheap "sexy" magazines' representations of the Village bohemia as (formerly) staged in Pink Elephants, etc., for the benefit of sightseers from Kokomo. You cannot fool Mr. Foote about them. Most of your readers, as well as yourself, presumably are among them. Do not think to escape him by an appeal to his discrimination. He has endured these vermin to the limit and is out with gun and dog.

How did so able and rational a storyteller fall into this common and vulgar middleheadedness? My guess is that whenever he thinks of youthful female virginity, or rather of the loss of it, he sees not merely black but a violent red—experiences photophobia and vertigo. Other stories of his feature minotaur in a way that is suggestive. At all events, his exaggerated (and decidedly neurotic!) reaction is neither "health-plumed" nor should it be forced into anybody's hands; and I cannot but feel that *The Saturday Review* would have preferred to say so.

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

New York.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

Valois. He was the younger brother of the scholar Henri de Valois and was born in 1607. His claim to fame was as a historiographer, with his "Gesta Francorum" which went from 254 to 753; when Colbert urged him to continue, he demurred at undertaking a task likely to be too long for an old man. But he was not always so careful about taking chances; Henri having kept bachelor hall with his brother until he was sixty and almost blind, determined to marry, and lived to raise seven children. Adrien at once followed his example and lived to celebrate his silver wedding. His son Charles, a famous numismatist, wrote "Valesiana," in which may be found these and other family records. I like to print a question like this once in a while to refute the notion that this department is interested only in the latest reading matter. For instance, here is C. K. L., *Potdam, N. Y.*, asking for the author and publisher of "Alonzo and Melissa," whose title page in his copy is missing, but which was apparently written within a few decades of the end of the Revolution. "Alonzo and Melissa; or The Unfeeling Father," further described as "an American Tale," was published by A. R. Brown in 1830. The author is given on the title page of this edition as Daniel Jackson, but a discussion as to possible authorship was carried on in literary journals some years since.

C. H. L. also asks "if your earlier contributions before the SATURDAY REVIEW are obtainable in book form?"

DEAR me, yes; it takes the least possible urging to make me announce that "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt) will put the new subscriber to this review on equal footing with the friends of this department for the past nine years—or is it ten? Anyway, the cream of those columns is in the

E. B. F., *New York*, asks for the best book on modern American interiors.

THE latest to appear, and a magnificent volume it is, includes both the outside and the inside of "American Homes of Today" (Macmillan). It is by Augusta Owen Patterson, art editor of *Town and Country*, and the pictures are from photographs of the houses of the rich and great from Bar Harbor to Pasadena, from Chicago to Miami.

The New Books

(Continued from page 420)

Travel

SEEING CANADA. By JOHN T. FARIS. Lippincott. 1924. \$6.50.

This sixth volume in Dr. Faris' American travel series has solid merits for the Canadian tourist, and one hundred and fifty doubletone illustrations as a record of Canadian scenery. It is discursive and anecdotal but informative enough to serve as a general guide. The east of Canada has been covered by many excellent books with as much merit as this one, and some of them with more charm of style. Western Ontario and the plains provinces, and particularly those parts of British Columbia not on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, were less easily accessible to the reader, and here "Seeing Canada" is a fresh and valuable addition. Travelers who know British Columbia only as a vague region containing Vancouver and Victoria may learn from Dr. Faris that probably the most grandiose region of the North American continent awaits their visiting. The Skeens and the sister rivers rushing their hundreds of miles through still unburnt forests to the Pacific; the vast northern spaces now possible for the upper wheat country; the canals and fjords and glaciers of the marvelous west coast—they are all in this book, with enough background of history and context of geography and livening of human interest to make the description glow. As the westward flowing routes of the United States become more and more conventionalized, the wilder, richer scenery of Canada will become better known. A trip to the Pacific on the Canadian National has twice the natural beauty of our Union Pacific and in Canada there is still a frontier.

Whether for general reference or for preparation to travel Dr. Faris' survey may be recommended. It has an index in addition to its excellent pictures, but it very much needs a good map. When will the makers of travel books learn that for lovers of wandering, one map is worth dozens of photographs! It should be added finally that "Seeing Canada" is by no means all description of scenery. It is well stuffed

with economic information, and by no means assumes that voyagers travel merely to exclaim at the views. The Canadian present is not quite so glorious as Dr. Faris makes it, for travel books like railroad folders are written to "boost not knock." There are significant silences where boom towns have known disappointment and investments came to grief. The prospective emigrant and interested capitalist should go further for facts, although what they find in this book are reliable. But he is writing in the future tense as all describers of new countries should, and he is probably not one whit too optimistic. If (as they say in the North) "the Twentieth Century is Canada's" is a strong statement, nevertheless her day is coming and it will be bright.

THE SEA GYPSY. By EDWARD A. SALISBURY and MIRIAM K. COOPER. New York: Putnam. 1924. \$3.50.

This is the log of the wandering of the 88-foot ketch-rigged sea gypsy, *Wisdom*, from Los Angeles, on a movie cruise to out-of-the-way corners of the tropical seas with a motley crew of "ex" Yale and Columbia men, Malays, Paumotu pearl divers, Chinks from Singapore, and the son of the Fijian princess. They were out for adventure and films and found both, though the cannibal raid staged in the New Hebrides nearly came to self-realization. This incident and other high lights such as that at an Indian colony of homicides on the Andamans, and with Karo-Bataks of Sumatra, are suggestive of the unusual experiences of these circumnavigators. The most interesting and best-exploited incident is the visit to Addis-Abeba, where Ras Tafari, Regent of Abyssinia, assembled his mounted knights for a review before the camera. Here they viewed the feasting of the black warriors on the rare red beef—still warm—and had audience with the dwarf Queen of the one remaining independent country in the Dark Continent. Here were power and pomp side by side with barbarism and poverty, a contemporary Dark Age with mounted knights with shields and lances in a land of filth and bacteria, superstition and ignorance, ruled by a tyrant fearful alike of Christian brethren and Mohammedan neighbors. Samoa, the Marquesas, and the Fijis have a familiar sound, but our authors do not attempt to outdo the already overdone. The *Wisdom* left her lead keel on the sandbar off Mekha where the Arabs had put the lighthouse out of commission. The crippled yacht limped into Jeddah and thus made opportunity for films of Mecca-bound pilgrims by telephonic permission of King Hussein from Mecca. The yacht finally blew up in the harbor at Savona, Italy.

RAINBOW BRIDGE. By CHARLES L. BERNHEIMER. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$6.

Many well informed citizens may be surprised to read of "unexplored" sections of these United States, of "hundreds of square miles . . . which have never been surveyed or even entered by a white man," yet Mr. Bernheimer might have raised his "hundreds" to thousands and been still well within the fact. It is, of course, true that these unexplored districts are, in a way, waste lands, desert of one kind or another, but they are often of primary interest to the scientist, and to the artist; often, too, they may conceal enormous potential mineral wealth. One of the largest of these untraveled "bad lands" is the region of Navajo Mountain and the Rainbow Bridge, which straddles the border line between Utah and Arizona, toward the western corner. The wonderful Rainbow Bridge itself was not discovered until 1909, and has been visited, since then, only by a few hardy spirits.

Mr. Bernheimer's book covers several visits to that region during the years from 1919 to the present: chiefly the expeditions of 1922 and 1923, during which his party strove, with success in the last attempt, to find a new trail and to circle the great Navajo Mountain. Mr. Bernheimer modestly says that he does not "pretend to be any kind of an amateur naturalist," adding, "I have simply tried to absorb what I saw and felt and heard. . . . The recital is based on a diary the entries in which were made daily while in camp." But he is an acute observer and while not an artist in the use of language his description is often vivid, and always impresses one with a feeling of its accuracy. It is full of incident, not without humor.

KNOCKING ABOUT. By AUGUSTUS BAKER PRINCE. Yale University Press. \$3.

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF CHEW LIBRARY

PART I of the library of the late Beverly Chew, consisting of manuscript and printed Horae and English literature before 1800, was sold at the Anderson Galleries December 7 and 8, 474 lots bringing \$144,731.50. There was a large attendance at both sessions, collectors and dealers taking a keen interest in the sale. The star lot was the First Folio of Shakespeare, the Borden-Wallace copy, which went to James F. Drake for \$11,750. The Second Folio brought \$3,600; the Third Folio, \$7,000; and the Fourth Folio, \$950; the four folios, \$23,300.

There were many other high prices. A copy of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," with 54 colored plates, small octavo, calf, in case, London, 1789-94, first editions of both parts, sold for \$5,500. Daniel Defoe's "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," 3 vols., octavo, original calf, London, 1719-20, first editions, rare in contemporary binding, fetched \$5,350. Thomas Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Church Yard," quarto, levant, morocco by Bedford, London, 1751, first issue of the first edition, brought \$4,650.

A Flemish manuscript Horae, written in Gothic characters on very fine vellum, about 1490, 5 by 3 15-16 inches, bound in old red velvet, a beautiful little book of most delicate execution and exquisite finish, realized \$4,750.

Other rare and interesting lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Blake (William). "Poetical Sketches," 8vo. contemporary half calf, London, 1783. First edition of Blake's first book privately printed. \$900.

Brathwaite (Richard). "Barnabes Ruffian," etc., 16mo, levant morocco by Club Bindery, in case, n. p. 1638. First edition. \$460.

Burns (Robert). "Poems," 8vo, boards, calf back, Kilmarnock, 1786. First edition, large copy, two pages slightly imperfect. \$2,900.

Burton (Robert). "The Anatomy of Melancholy," 8vo, levant morocco by Club Bindery, Oxford, 1631. Large copy of first edition with Hoe bookplate. \$470.

Butler (Samuel). "Hudibras," 3 vols., in original calf, London, 1663-64-78. First authorized edition of Part I, and first editions of Part II and III. The Van Ant-

werp-Canfield copy and one of the finest in existence. \$540.

Churchyard (Thomas). "Churchyards Challenge," small 4to, morocco by Lewis, London, 1593. First edition, Utterson-Rowfant-Chew-Huntington-Jones copy. \$720.

Crawshaw (Richard). "Steps to the Temple," small 12mo, levant morocco by Bedford, London, 1646. First edition. \$460.

Gascoigne (George). "Posies" and "The Steele Glas," 2 vols., in one, small 4to, morocco, London, 1576. Second edition of "Posies," and first edition of "Steele Glas." \$825.

Gray (Thomas). "Odes," 4to, original gray wrappers, uncut, Strawberry Hill, 1757. First edition of first book printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, Walpole's own copy with his bookplate and marginal notes throughout. \$3,900.

Herbert (George). "The Temple," small 12mo, original calf, Cambridge, 1633. First issue of first edition, Halsey copy. \$1,025.

Herrick (Robert). "Hesperides," small 8vo, levant morocco, by Reviere, London, 1648. First edition. \$825.

Holland (Henry). "Braziliogia," etc., small folio, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1618. One of seven known copies, only two in this country. \$2,300.

Jonson (Ben). "Workes," a vols. in one, folio, levant morocco by Bedford, London,

1616. First edition and large paper copy. \$3,000.

Milton (John). "Poems," small 8vo, morocco, London, 1645. First edition. \$950.

Milton. "Paradise Lost," small 4to, original sheep, London, 1667. First edition, first title page. The Wyatt-Lefferts-Winsaw-Whistler copy. \$5,600.

Pope (Alexander). "The Dunciad," 8vo, levant morocco by Bedford, Dublin, 1728. Excessively rare first issue of the first edition. \$1,800.

Swift (Jonathan). "Gulliver's Travels," 2 vols., 8vo, original calf, London, 1726. The first of four editions issued in 1726. \$1,800.

PART II of this collection will be sold at the Anderson galleries January 5, 6 and 7, the first sale of the New Year. It includes first editions (after 1800), presentation copies, bibliography and books about books, fine printing, literary criticism and history. The publications of William Loring Andrews, the Caxton and Grolier Clubs, and the Kelmscott and other special and private presses are well represented. A long list of nineteenth century English and American authors, among them Kipling, Morris, Stevenson and Tennyson, are represented by important collections. This part contains a great deal of material of special interest to the reading, studious collector.

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THE READER, a Club Bulletin, edited by Louise E. Hogan. Mentioned in the Phoenix Nest, October 11th, for sale at the F. C. Stecher Co., 126 East 28th St., and Wamsmaker's N. Y. and Philadelphia stores; also through any bookstore.

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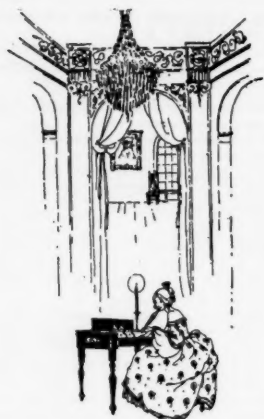
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~ Mr. Samuel Butler
came to call ~ ~ ~

"Aunt Anny's wit was so lightly lambent that often people missed her points. Samuel Butler came to call upon her one day soon after his Authoress of the Odyssey (which insists that that book was written by a woman) had been published. He told her that he was at work upon a book on Shakespeare's sonnets. He was, however, only bewildered at her saying, 'Oh, Mr. Butler, do you know my theory about the sonnets? They were written by Anne Hathaway!' It was not she who repeated this story, but the author of Erewhon. He never saw that she was laughing at him, and used to tell it, shaking his head sadly and saying, 'Poor lady, that was a silly thing to say.'

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDHOOD

by Mary Mac Carthy

We do not know how you could start the new year happier than by reading this charming short autobiography of Mrs. Mac Carthy's.

\$2.~ Doubleday Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE have been reconnoitering the past via some recently-arrived books of biography. Here comes a reprint of W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE's "Seven Splendid Sinners," originally published in 1908. This rather garish volume deals a thought coyly with the *maitresses en titre* of Louis Quinze and the first George, with the great Catherine, with the fair and unfortunate Chudleigh, with the Comtesse de Lamotte, the Duchesse de Polignac, and the terrible tempered Lola Montez. Mr. Trowbridge, referring to MICHELET as "the Orpheus of history, who animated its very dust and treated it as it should be treated, as a fascinating romance and not as a corpse to be 'scientifically' dissected," has succeeded in animating certain mud puddles and filing a claim for consideration as the Orpheus of biography. He is an Orpheus a little spoiled. As the ages recede into the Rembrandtesque shadows of antiquity they gain a dark golden glamour from the seductions of which most historians shrink shuddering. Mr. Trowbridge does not shrink, but, on the other hand, rather smacks his lips.

But we ourselves prefer to view the past as a brightly-colored puppet-show rather than as a desert of truth withering under the somewhat brazen sun of scholarly research, cactus-freckled with footnotes. And it is not necessary to demand that historians be inaccurate in order to beguile our tedium. The follies of the world in any age furnish, God truly knows, enough thoroughly documented material for what might otherwise seem the wildest fantasy. So we are resigned. When Mr. Trowbridge prefaces each of his biographies with a few lines from SWINBURNE's "Dolores," and would have us accept as a "Splendid Sinner" Erchengard Melusina von der Schulenburg, Duchess of Kendal, affectionately known as "The Maypole," who, by his own account was an intensely avaricious and most unprepossessing female, it is true that we are inclined to smile; but when he refers to the unbelievably Florentine tragedy of Herreuhäusen when the ferocious Countess von Platen stamped on the dead face of Königsmarck, the fascinating young lover of Sophia Dorothea, wife of the then Prince George, —this being the prelude to the rise of the curtain upon the House of Hanover ennobled at St. James's,—such a glimpse of the secret drama of the past is worth an hundred pages of the laborious retailing of stale amours.

To turn from Mr. Trowbridge to Mr. EDGECUMBE STALEY, whose "Tragedies of the Medici" we have also been sampling, whence gleams like a star the frontispiece portrait of Bianca Cappello-Buonaventuri, "La Figlia di Venezia," we are transported to a dark November night in the sixteenth century, to a Venetian gondola crossing the Grand Canal wherein that same Bianca sobbed upon the breast of her lover Pietro. This century and this epoch like us better! And in Florence, when Don Francesco de' Medici steps from behind the arras to befriend the lovers (self-interestedly) we can begin to believe Bianca perfectly irresistible and romance not at all dead. How essenti-

ally sordid the intrigues of the eighteenth-century courts seem beside this, how cold-bloodedly sensual the Great Catherine of Russia with her queue of boy favorites!

Then, of course, there are the Borgias. The Most Reverend ARNOLD H. MATHEW, Archbishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland is in "The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia" the great Rodrigo's painstaking historian. And we take at second-hand certain opinions of The Universal Knowledge Foundation's five volumes of material for a history of this same Pope Alexander VI, by the Right Reverend Mgr. PETER DE ROO, who, it seems, would rebut a number of charges against that particular prelate. We understand that the latter could hardly be called an impartial historian. As for the Most Reverend Dr. Mathew, he is merely rather prosy.

And as for us,—if the Borgias could possibly be proved to be blameless individuals it would dishearten us terribly! Fortunately their apologists make heavy weather of it. It would not have been a treat to meet a Borgia up a dark byway in the good old days *circa* the jubilee year, 15,000,—just as it might have been a doubtful pleasure to meet a Sforza on the Broadway of dear old Milan,—but now that these frenzied figures are so very dead and tucked away so safely in their own period, how insignificant they seem!

From which highly colored material we turn to the Second Edition of R. F. DIBBLE's comparatively humdrum "Strenuous Americans," to reflect upon Admiral Dewey, P. T. Barnum, Brigham Young, Mark Hanna, Jim Hill, et al. We leave the Pazzi conspiracy and the pleasant poisons of Caesar, to read of the "Empire-Builder" who thought in railroads dying in 1916 from "troubles in the digestive tract."

Yes, we are avid of the big, fat illustrated Brentano volumes we have referred to, in which the conduct of almost everybody who was at all interesting in the past seems to have been—well, a trifle irregular; and so we muse upon how when history comes down to America and Jesse James in the nineteenth century, the meretricious glitter does quite a fadeout and a sturdy pioneering spirit and an air of homespun virtue invests even the marauder of the Miz-zoura. Compared to the great charlatans, Barnum, for instance, is childish innocence itself! He is Peck's Bad Boy to Cagliostro's Mephistopheles. Buncoing the public with a fake mermaid has a very different flavor from black magic and court intrigue. Neither are rascal and scalawag terms interchangeable with rogue and rake. And then those fair, frail beauties of the dazzling courts of the past! How they shudder to mist before the intrepid pince-nez and prominent came brooch of a Frances E. Willard! The W. C. T. U., unfortunately supervenes. And, really, what on earth could a Frances E. Willard have possibly had to say to dear devilish Lola Montez, or, for that matter, to the elegant and crafty Marquise De Prié?

W. R. B.



After all you can choose better for yourself than your friends can choose for you. These are books I think you'll like, and in all probability no one gave them to you on Thursday. Why not treat yourself?

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"A notable contribution to American literature."

—New York Post.

GREEN THURSDAY

by Julia Peterkin

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